BELL'S EDITION.

The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN

COMPLETE FROM

CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.

717

DONNE VOLUME II.

Blow your Trumpets Angels.

Divine Poems

...ted for John Bell, near Exeter Exchange Strand, London, 1778.

Ivo Fojer Rajat.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

717

DONNE! the delight of Phœbus and each Muse,
Who to thy one all other brains refuse;
Whose ev'ry work of thy most early wit
Came forth example, and remain so yet;
Longer a-knowing than most wits do live,
And which no'affection praise enough can give;
To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
Which might with half mankind maintain a strife;
All which I mean to praise, and yet I would,
But leave because I cannot as I should.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

SONGS, SONNETS, DIVINE POEMS, AND EPIGRAMS.

I will not draw the envy to engrofs
All thy perfections, or weep all our lofs;
Thofe are too num'rous for an elegie,
And this too great to be exprefs'd by me.
Tho' ev'ry pen fhould fhare a diftinct part,
Yet thou art theme enough to try all art.
Let others carve the reft; it fhall fuffice
I on thy tomb this epitaph incife:
Here lies a king that rul'd, as he thought fit,
The univerfal monarchy of wit:
Here lie two flamens, and both thofe the beft,
Apollo's firft, at laft the true God's prieft.

THO. CARY.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Prefs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1779.

POEMS, SONGS, SONNETS.

THE FLEA.

Mark but this Flea, and mark, in this,
How little that which thou deny'ſt me is;
Me it ſuck'd firſt, and now ſucks thee,
And in this Flea our two blouds mingled be.
Confeſs it: this cannot be ſaid
A ſin or ſhame, or loſs of maidenhead;
Yet this enjoyes before it woo,
And pamper'd ſwells with one bloud made of two;
And this, alas! is more than we could do.

Oh! ſtay; three lives in one Flea ſpare,
Where we almoſt, nay, more than marry'd are.
This Flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed and marriage temple is.
Tho' parents grudge, and you, we 're met,
And cloyſter'd in theſe living walls of jet;
Tho' uſe make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that ſelf-murder added be,
And ſacrilege, three ſins in killing three.

Cruel and ſuddain, haſt thou ſince
Purpled thy nayl in bloud of innocence?
Wherein could this Flea guilty be,
Except in that bloud which it ſuck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'ſt, and ſaiſt that thou
Find'ſt not thyſelf nor me the weaker now:
'Tis true; then learn how falſe fears be:
Juſt ſo much honour, when thou yield'ſt to mee,
Will waſte, as this Flea's death took life from thee.

THE GOOD-MORROW.

I WONDER, by my troth! what thou and I
Did till we lov'd? Were we not wean'd till then,
But ſuck'd on childiſh pleaſures ſillyly?
Or ſlumber'd we in the ſeven-ſleepers' den?
'Twas ſo; but as all pleaſures fancies be,
If ever any beauty I did ſee,
Which I deſir'd and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now Good-morrow to our waking ſouls,
Which watch not one another out of fear;
For love all love of other ſights controuls,
And makes one little room an every-where.
Let ſea-diſcoverers to new worlds have gone,
Let maps to other worlds our world have ſhown,
Let us poſſeſs one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,
And true plain hearts do in the faces reſt:
Where can we find two fitter hemiſphears
Without ſharp North, without declining Weſt?
Whatever dies was not mixt equally.
If our two loves be one, both thou and I
Love juſt alike in all; none of theſe loves can die.

SONG.

Go, and catch a falling ſtarre,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times paſt are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot:
Teach me to hear mermaids ſinging,
Or to keep off envie's ſtinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honeſt mind.

If thou be'ſt born to ſtrange ſights,
Things inviſible go ſee,
Ride ten thouſand dayes and nights,
Till age ſnow white hairs on thee:
Thou, when thou return'ſt, wilt tell me
All ſtrange wonders that befell thee,
And ſwear
No where
Lives a woman true and faire.

If thou find'ſt one let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were ſweet;
Yet do not; I would not go,
Tho' at next door we might meet.
Tho' ſhe were true when you met her,
And laſt till you write your letter,
Yet ſhe
Will be
Falſe ere I come to two or three.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

Now thou haſt lov'd me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leav'ſt what wilt thou ſay
Wilt thou then antedate ſome new-made vow?
Or ſay that now
We are not juſt thoſe perſons which we were?
Or that oaths, made in reverential fear
Of Love and his wrath, any may forſwear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of thoſe,
Bind but till Sleep, Death's image, them unlooſe?
Or, your own end to juſtifie
For having purpos'd change and falſehood, you
Can have no way but falſehood to be true?
Vain lunatique! againſt theſe ſcapes I could
Diſpute and conquer, if I would;
Which I abſtain to do,
For by to-morrow I may think ſo too.

THE UNDERTAKING.

AVE done one braver thing
in all the Worthies did,
d yet a braver thence doth ſpring,
ich is, to keep that hid.

vere but madneſs now t' impart
e ſkill of ſpecular ſtone,
ien he which can have learn'd the art
cut it can find none.

f I now ſhould utter this,
ers (becauſe no more
h ſtuffe to work upon there is)
uld love but as before.

he who lovelineſs within
th found, all outward loathes;
he who colour loves and ſkin,
ves but their oldeſt clothes.

as I have, you alſo do
Virtue in woman ſee,
And dare love that, and ſay ſo too,
And forget the he and ſhe;

And if this love, tho' placed ſo,
From prophane men you hide,
Which will no faith on this beſtow,
Or if they do deride:

Then you have done a braver thing
Than all the Worthies did,
And a braver thence will ſpring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

THE SUN RISING.

Busie old fool! unruly Sun!
Why doſt thou thus
Thro' windows and thro' curtains look on us?
Muſt to thy motions lovers' ſeaſons run?
Sawcy pedantique Wretch! go, chide
Late ſchool-boyes, or ſowre 'prentices;
Go tell court-huntſmen that the king will ride;
Call country ants to harveſt offices;
Love, all alike, no ſeaſon knows nor clime,
Nor hours, dayes, months, which are the rags of ti

Thy beams ſo reverend and ſtrong,
Doſt thou not think
I could eclipſe and cloud them with a wink,
But that I would not loſe her ſight ſo long?

If her eyes have not blinded thine,
Look, and to-morrow late tell me,
Whether both th' Indias of ſpice and myne
Be where thou left them, or lie here with me:
Aſk for thoſe kings whom thou ſaw'ſt yeſterday,
And thou ſhalt hear, All here it one bed lay.

She 's all ſtates, and all princes I,
Nothing elſe is.
Princes do but play us; compar'd to this
All honour 's mimique, all wealth alchymy.
Thou, Sun! art half as happy' as we
In that the world 's contracted thus:
Thine age aſks eaſe; and ſince thy duties be
To warm the world, that 's done in warming us.
Shine here to us, and thou art every where;
This bed thy center is, theſe walls thy ſphear.

THE INDIFFERENT.

I CA love both fair and brown;
Her whom abundance melts, and her whom want [betrayes;
Her who loves loneneſs beſt, and her who ſports and playes;
Her whom the country form'd, and whom the Town;
Her who believes, and her who tries;
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes,
And her who is dry cork, and never cries:

I can love her, and her, and you, and you;
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.

Will no other vice content you?
Will it not ſerve your turn to do as did your mothers?
Or have you all old vices worn, and now would find
out others?
Or doth a fear that men are true torment you?
Oh! we are not, be not you ſo;
Let me, and do you twenty know.
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go.
Muſt I, who came to travail thorough you,
Grow your fixt ſubject becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by love's ſweeteſt ſweet, variety, ſhe ſwore
She heard not this till now; it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, examin'd, and return'd ere long,
And ſaid, Alas! ſome two or three
Poor heretiques in love there be
Which think to 'ſtabliſh dangerous conſtancy;
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them who 're falſe to you.

LOVE'S USURY.

For every hour that thou wilt ſpare me now
I will allow,
Uſurious god of Love! twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be;
Till then, Love! let my body range, and let
Me travail, ſojourn, ſnatch, plot, have, forget,
Reſume my laſt year's relict; think that yet
We 'had never met.

Let me think any rival's letter mine,
And at next nine
Keep midnight's promiſe; miſtake by the way
The maid, and tell the lady of that delay;
Only let me love none, no, not the ſport
From country graſs to comefitures of court,
Or citie's *quelque-choſes*; let not report
My mind tranſport.

This bargain's good; if when I 'm old I be
Inflam'd by thee,
If thine own honour or my ſhame or pain
Thou covet moſt, at that age thou ſhalt gain:
Do thy will then; then ſubject and degree,
And fruit of love, Love! I ſubmit to thee:
Spare me till then, I'll bear it, tho' ſhe be
One that loves me.

CANONIZATION.

For God's ſake hold your tongue, and let me love,
Or chide my palſie or my gout,
My five gray hairs or ruin'd fortunes flout;
With wealth your ſtate, your mind with arts improve,
Take you a courſe, get you a place,
Obſerve his Honour or his Grace,
Or the King's real or his ſtamped face
Contemplate; what you will approve,
So you will let me love.

Alas! alas! who's injur'd by my love?
What merchants' ſhips have my ſighs drown'd?
Who ſaies my tears have overflow'd his ground?
When did my colds a forward ſpring remove?
When did the heats which my reynes fill
Adde one more to the plaguy bill?
Souldiers find wars, and lawyers find out ſtill
Litigious men whom quarrels move,
Tho' ſhe and I do love.

Call 's what you will, we are made ſuch by love;
Call her one, me another flie;
We 'are tapers too, and at our own coſt die;
And we in us find th' eagle and the dove;

The phœnix riddle hath more wit
By us; we two, being one, are it;
So to one neutral thing both ſexes fit.
We dye and riſe the ſame, and prove
Myſterious by this love.

We can dye by it, if not live by love.
And if unfit for tomb or hearſe
Our legend be, it will be fit for verſe;
And if no piece of chronicle we prove,
We'll build in ſonets pretty roomes.
As well a well-wrought urne becomes
The greateſt aſhes as half-acre tombes;
And by thoſe hymnes all ſhall approve
Us canoniz'd for love:

And thus invoke us, you whom reverend love
Made one another's hermitage;
You to whom love was peace, that now is rage,
Who did the whole world's ſoul contract, and drove
Into the glaſſes of your eyes,
So made ſuch mirrours and ſuch ſpies,
That they did all to you epitomize.
Countries, towns, courts, beg from above
A pattern of our love.

THE TRIPLE FOOL.

I AM two fools, I know,
For loving, and for ſaying ſo
In whining poetry:
But where 's that wiſe man that would not be I,
If ſhe would not deny?
Then as th' earth's inward narrow crooked lanes
Do purge ſea water's fretful ſalt away,
I thought if I could draw my paines
Thro' rhime's vexation I ſhould them allay.
Grief brought to number cannot be ſo fierce,
For he tames it that fetters it in verſe:
But when I have done ſo,
Some man, his art or voice to ſhow,
Doth ſet and ſing my pain,
And, by delighting many, frees again
Grief, which verſe did reſtrain.
To love and grief tribute of verſe belongs,
But not of ſuch as pleaſes when 't is read;
Both are increaſed by ſuch ſongs;
For both their triumphs ſo are publiſhed,
And I, which was two fools, do ſo grow three:
Who are a little wiſe the beſt fools be.

LOVER'S INFINITENESS.

If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear! I ſhall never have it all:
I cannot breathe one other ſigh to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treaſure, which ſhould purchaſe thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters, I have ſpent;
Yet no more can be due to me
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love was partial,
That ſome for me, ſome ſhould to others fall,
Dear! I ſhall never have it all.

Or, if then thou giv'ſt me all,
All was but all, which thou hadſt then:
But if in thy heart ſince there be, or ſhall,
New love created be by other men,
Which have their ſtocks intire, and can in tears,
In ſighs, in oathes, in letters, outbid me,
This new love may beget new fears,
For this love was not vow'd by thee;
And yet it was thy gift, being general.
The ground, thy heart, is mine; whatever ſhall
Grow there, Dear! I ſhould have it all.

Yet I would not have all yet;
He that hath all can have no more:

And ſince my love doth every day admit
New growth, thou ſhouldſt have new rewards in ſtore.
Thou canſt not every day give me thy heart;
If thou canſt give it, then thou never gav'ſt it.
Lovers riddles are, that tho' thy heart depart,
It ſtayes at home, and thou with loſing ſav'ſt it:
But we will love a way more liberal
Than changing hearts to joyn us; ſo we ſhall
Be one, and one another's all.

SONG.

SWEETEST Love! I doe not go
For wearineſs of thee,
Nor in hope the world can ſhow
A fitter love for me;
But ſince that I
Muſt dye at laſt, 't is beſt
Thus to uſe myſelf in jeſt
By feigned death to dye.

Yeſternight the ſun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no deſire nor ſenſe,
Nor half ſo ſhort a way:
Then fear not me,
But believe that I ſhall make
Haſtier journeys, ſince I take
More wings and ſpurs than he.

O how feeble is man's power,
That if good fortune fall,
Cannot adde another hour,
Nor a loſt hour recall!
But come bad chance,
And we joyn to 't our ſtrength,
And we teach it art and length,
Itſelf o'er us t' advance.

When thou ſigh'ſt, thou ſigh'ſt no wind,
But ſigh'ſt my ſoul away;
When thou weep'ſt, unkindly kind,
My life's blood doth decay.
It cannot be
That thou lov'ſt me as thou ſay'ſt;
If in thine my life thou waſte,
That art the life of me.

Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill,
Deſtiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfill;
But think that we
Are but laid aſide to ſleep:
They who one another keep
Alive ne'er parted be.

THE LEGACY.

When last I dy'd (and, Dear! I die
As often as from thee I goe,
'Tho' it be but an hour agoe,
And lovers' hours be full eternity)
I can remember yet that I
Something did say, and something did bestow;
'Tho' I be dead, which sent me, I might be
Mine own executor and legacy.

I heard me say, Tell her anon
That myself, that is you, not I,
Did kill me; and when I felt me dy,
I bid me send my heart when I was gone,
But I, alas! could find there none.
When I had ripp'd and search'd where hearts should ly,
It kill'd me again that I, who still was true
In life, in my last will should cozen you.

Yet I found something like a heart,
For colours it and corners had;
It was not good, it was not bad,
It was intire to none, and few had part:
As good as could be made by art
It seem'd, and therefore for our loss be sad.
I meant to send that heart instead of mine;
But, oh! no man could hold it, for 't was thine.

A FEVER.

OH! do not die, for I ſhall hate
All women ſo, when thou art gone,
That thee I ſhall not celebrate,
When I remember thou waſt one.

But yet thou canſt not die, I know:
To leave this world behind is death;
But when thou from this world wilt go,
The whole world vapours in thy breath.

Or if when thou, the world's ſoul, goeſt,
It ſtay, 't is but thy carcaſs then,
The faireſt woman but thy ghoſt,
But corrupt wormes the worthieſt men.

O wrangling Schools! that ſearch what fire
Shall burn this world: had none the wit
Unto this knowledge to aſpire,
That this her Fever might be it?

And yet ſhe cannot waſte by this,
Nor long endure this torturing wrong,
For more corruption needful is
To fuel ſuch a Fever long.

Theſe burning fits but meteors be,
Whoſe matter in thee ſoon is ſpent;

Thy beauty, and all parts which are thee,
Are an unchangeable firmament:

Yet 't was of my mind, ſeiſing thee,
Tho' it in thee cannot perſever;
For I had rather owner be
Of thee one hour than all elſe ever.

AIR AND ANGELS.

Twice or thrice had I lov'd thee
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, ſo in a ſhapeleſs flame,
Angels affect us oft', and worſhipp'd be:
Still when to where thou wert I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I ſee:
But ſince my ſoul, whoſe child love is,
Takes limbs of fleſh, and elſe could nothing do,
More ſubtile than the parent is
Love muſt not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love aſk, and now
That it aſſume thy body I allow,
And fix itſelf in thy lips, eyes, and brow.

Whilſt thus to ballaſt Love I thought,
And ſo more ſteddily to 'have gone
With wares which would ſink admiration,
I ſaw I had Love's pinnace overfraught;

Thy every hair for Love to work upon
Is much too much, ſome fitter muſt be ſought;
For nor in nothing, nor in things
Extream and ſcattering bright, can love inhere:
Then as an angel face, and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's ſphear.
Juſt ſuch diſparitie
As is 'twixt Air's and Angel's puritie,
'Twixt women's love and men's will ever be.

BREAK OF DAY.

I.

STAY, O Sweet! and do not riſe,
The light that ſhines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
Becauſe that you and I muſt part.
Stay, or elſe my joys will die;
And periſh in their infancie.

II.

'Tis true, 't is day; what tho' it be?
O! wilt thou therefore riſe from me?
Why ſhould we riſe becauſe 't is light?
Did we lie down becauſe 't was night?
Love which, in ſpight of darkneſs, brought us hither,
Should, in deſpight of light, keep us together.

III.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye:
If it could ſpeak as well as ſpie,
This were the worſt that it could ſay,
That being well I fain would ſtay,
And that I lov'd my heart and honour ſo,
That I would not from her that had them go.

IV.

Muſt bus'neſs thee from hence remove?
Oh! that's the worſt diſeaſe of love;
The poor, the foul, the falſe, love can
Admit, but not the buſied man.
He which hath bus'neſs, and makes love, doth doe
Such wrong as when a married man doth wooe.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ALL kings, and all their favourites,
All glory of honours, beauties, wits,
The ſun itſelf (which makes times as they paſs)
Is elder by a year now than it was
When thou and I firſt one another ſaw:
All other things to their deſtruction draw,
Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yeſterday;
Running, it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his firſt, laſt, everlaſting day.

Two graves muſt hide thine and my corſe;
If one might, death were no divorce.
Alas! as well as other princes, we
(Who prince enough in one another be)
Muſt leave at laſt in death theſe eyes and ears,
Oft' fed with true oathes and with ſweet ſalt tears:
But ſouls where nothing dwells but love,
(All other thoughts being inmates) then ſhall prove
This, or a love increaſed there above,
When bodies to their graves, ſouls from their graves, [remove.
And then we ſhall be th'roughly bleſt,
But now no more than all the reſt.
Here upon earth we're kings, and none but we
Can be ſuch kings, nor of ſuch ſubjects be.
Who is ſo ſafe as we? where none can do
Treaſon to us, except one of us two.
True and falſe fears let us refrain:
Let us love nobly, and live, and add again
Years, and years unto years, till we attain
To write threeſcore; this is the ſecond of our reign.

A VALEDICTION

OF MY NAME IN THE WINDOW.

I.

My name, ingrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmnefs to this glafs,
Which ever fince that charm hath been
As hard as that which grav'd it was:
Thine eye will give it price enough to mock
The diamonds of either rock.

II.

'Tis much that glafs fhould be
As all confeffing and th'rough-fhine as I:
'Tis more that it fhews thee to thee,
And clear reflects thee to thine eye.
But all fuch rules Love's magique can undo;
Here you fee me and I fee you.

III.

As no one point nor dafh,
Which are but acceffaries to this name,
The fhow'rs and tempefts can outwafh,
So fhall all times find me the fame:
You this intirenefs better may fulfill,
Who have the pattern with you ftill.

IV.

Or if too hard and deep
This learning be for a ſcratch'd name to teach,
It as a given Death's-head keep,
Lovers' mortality to preach,
Or think this ragged bony name to be
My ruinous anatomy.

V.

Then as all my ſouls be
Emparadis'd in you (in whom alone
I underſtand, and grow, and ſee)
The rafters of my body, bone,
Being ſtill with you, the muſcle, ſinew, and vein,
Which tile this houſe, will come again.

VI.

Till my return, repaire
And recompact my ſcatter'd body ſo,
As all the virtuous powers which are
Fix'd in the ſtars, are ſaid to flow
Into ſuch characters as graved be,
When thoſe ſtars had ſupremacie.

VII.

So ſince this name was cut
When love and griefe their exaltation had,
No door 'gainſt this name's influence ſhut;
As much more loving as more ſad
'Twill make thee; and thou ſhouldſt, till I return,
Since I die dayly, dayly mourn.

VIII.

When thy inconſiderate hand
Flings ope this caſement, with my trembling name,
To look on one whoſe wit or land
New battery to thy heart may frame,
Then think this name alive, and that thou thus
In it offend'ſt my genius.

IX.

And when thy melted maid,
Corrupted by thy lover's gold or page,
His letter at thy pillow' hath laid,
Diſpute thou it, and tame thy rage.
If thou to him beginn'ſt to thaw for this,
May my name ſtep in and hide his.

X.

And if this treaſon go
To an overt act, and that thou write again,
In ſuperſcribing my name flow
Into thy fancy from the pen,
So in forgetting thou rememb'reſt right,
And unaware to me ſhalt write.

XI.

But glaſs and lines muſt be
No means our firm ſubſtantial love to keep;
Near death inflicts this lethargie,
And thus I murmur in my ſleep:
Impute this idle talk to that I go,
For dying men talk often ſo.

TWICKNAM GARDEN.

BLASTED with ſighs, and ſurrounded with tears,
Hither I come to ſeek the ſpring,
And at mine eyes, and at mine ears,
Receive ſuch balm as elſe cures every thing:
But, O! ſelf-traitor, I do bring
The ſpider Love, which tranſubſtantiates all,
And can convert manna to gall;
And that this place may thoroughly be thought
True Paradiſe, I have the ſerpent brought.

'Twere wholeſomer for me that winter did
Benight the glory of this place,
And that a grave froſt did forbid
Theſe trees to laugh and mock me to my face:
But ſince I cannot this diſgrace
Indure, nor leave this Garden, Love, let me
Some ſenſeleſs piece of this place be;
Make me a mandrake, ſo I may grow here,
Or a ſtone fountain weeping out my year.

Hither with chryſtal vials, Lovers! come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your miſtreſs' tears at home,
For all are falſe that taſte not juſt like mine:
Alas! hearts do not in eyes ſhine,

Nor can you more judge woman's thoughts by tears,
Than by her ſhadow what ſhe wears.
O perverſe ſex! where none is true but ſhe,
Who's therefore true, becauſe her truth kills me.

VALEDICTION TO HIS BOOK.

I'LL tell thee now (dear Love) what thou ſhalt do
To anger Deſtiny, as ſhe doth us;
How I ſhall ſtay, tho' ſhe eloigne me thus,
And how poſterity ſhall know it too;
How thine may out-endure
Sibyl's glory, and obſcure
Her who from Pindar could allure,
And her thro' whoſe help Lucan is not lame,
And her whoſe book (they ſay) Homer did find and
name.

Study our manuſcripts, thoſe myriads
Of letters which have paſt 'twixt thee and me;
Thence write our annals, and in them will be,
To all whom love's ſubliming fire invades,
Rule and example found:
There the faith of any ground
No ſchiſmatique will dare to wound,
That ſees how Love this grace to us affords,
To make, to keep, to uſe, to be, theſe his records.

This Book, as long liv'd as the elements,
Or as the world's form, this all-graved tomb,
In cypher writ, or new-made idiom;
We for Love's clergy only' are inſtruments.
When this Book is made thus,
Should again the ravenous
Vandals and Goths invade us,
Learning were ſafe in this our univerſe,
Schools might learn ſciences, ſphears muſick, angels [verſe.

Here loves divine (ſince all divinity
Is love or wonder) may find all they ſeek,
Whether abſtracted ſpiritual love they like,
Their ſouls exhal'd with what they do not ſee,
Or loath ſo to amuſe
Faith's infirmities, they chuſe
Something which they may ſee and uſe;
For tho' mind be the heaven where Love doth ſit,
Beauty a convenient type may be to figure it.

Here, more than in their books, may lawyers find,
Both by what titles miſtreſſes are ours,
And how Prerogative theſe ſtates devours,
Transferr'd from Love himſelf to womankind;
Who, tho' from heart and eyes
They exact great ſubſidies,
Forſake him who on them relies,
And for the cauſe honour or conſcience give;
Chimeras vain as they or their prerogative.

Here ſtateſmen (or of them they which can read)
May of their occupation find the grounds,
Love and their art alike it deadly wounds,
If to conſider what 't is one proceed;
In both they do excell
Who the preſent govern well,
Whoſe weakneſs none doth or dares tell.
In this thy Book ſuch will there ſomething ſee,
As in the Bible ſome can find out alchymie.

Thus vent thy thoughts; abroad I 'll ſtudy thee,
As he removes far off that great heights takes:
How great love is preſence beſt tryal makes,
But abſence tries how long this love will be.
To take a latitude
Sun or ſtars are fitlieſt view'd
At their brighteſt; but to conclude
Of longitudes, what other way have we
But to mark when and where the dark eclipſes be?

COMMUNITY.

Good we muſt love, and muſt hate ill,
For ill is ill, and good good ſtill:
But there are things indifferent,
Which we may neither hate nor love,
But one and then another prove,
As we ſhall find our fancy bent.

If then at firſt wiſe Nature had
Made women either good or bad,
Then ſome we might hate, and ſome chuſe ;
But ſince ſhe did them ſo create,
That we may neither love nor hate,
Only this reſts, all all may uſe.

If they were good it would be ſeen ;
Good is as viſible as green,
And to all eyes itſelf betrayes :
If they were bad they could not laſt,
Bad doth itſelf and others waſte ;
So they deſerve nor blame nor praiſe.

But they are ours as fruits are ours ;
He that but taſtes, he that devours,
And he that leaves all, doth as well :
Chang'd loves are but chang'd ſorts of meat,
And when he hath the kernel ate,
Who doth not fling away the ſhell ?

LOVE'S GROWTH.

I SCARCE believe my love to be ſo pure
As I had thought it was,
Becauſe it doth endure
Viciſſitude and ſeaſon as the graſs.
Methinks I lied all winter, when I ſwore
My love was infinite, if ſpring make 't more.

But if this medicine, Love, which cures all ſorrow
With more, not only be no quinteſſence,
But mixt of all ſtuffs, vexing ſoul or ſenſe,
And of the ſun his active vigour borrow,
Love 's not ſo pure an abſtract as they uſe
To ſay, which have no miſtreſs but their Muſe:
But, as all elſe, being elemented too,
Love ſometimes would contemplate, ſometimes do.

And yet no greater, but more eminent,
Love by the ſpring is grown;
As in the firmament
Stars by the ſun are not inlarg'd, but ſhown.
Gentle love-deeds, as bloſſoms on a bough,
From love's awakened root doe bud out now.

If, as in water ſtirr'd more circles be
Produc'd by one, love ſuch additions take;
Thoſe, like ſo many ſpheares, but one heaven make,
For they are all concentrique unto thee;
And tho' each ſpring do adde to love new heat,
As princes do in times of action get
New taxes, and remit them not in peace,
No winter ſhall abate this ſpring's encreaſe. 28

LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

Love! any devil elſe but you
Would for a giv'n ſoul give ſomething too,

At court your fellows every day
Give th' art of rhyming, huntmanſhip, or play,
For them, which were their own before;
Only I've nothing which gave more,
But am, alas! by being lowly lower.

I aſk no diſpenſation now
To falſifie a tear, a ſigh, a vow;
I do not ſue from thee to draw
A *Non obſtante* on Nature's law;
Theſe are prerogatives; they inhere
In thee and thine; none ſhould forſwear,
Except that he Love's minion were.

Give me thy weakneſs, make me blind
Both wayes, as thou and thine, in eyes and mind:
Love! let me never know that this
Is love, or that love childiſh is:
Let me not know that others know
That ſhe knows my paines, leſt that ſo
A tender ſhame make me mine own new woe.

If thou give nothing, yet thou 'rt juſt,
Becauſe I would not thy firſt motions truſt.
Small towns which ſtand ſtiff, till great ſhot
Enforce them, by war's law condition not.
Such in love's warfare is my caſe,
I may not article for grace,
Having put Love at laſt to ſhew this face.

This face, by which he could command
And change th' idolatry of any land;
This face, which, wherefoe'er it comes,
Can call vow'd men from cloyfters, dead from tombs,
And melt both poles at once, and ftore
Deferts with cities, and make more
Mynes in the earth than quarries were before.

For this love is inrag'd with me,
Yet kills not. If I muft example be
To future rebels; if th' unborn
Muft learn, by my being cut up and torn,
Kill and diffect me, Love! for this
Torture againft thine own end is:
Rackt carcaffes make ill anatomies.

CONFINED LOVE.

Some man, unworthy to be poffeffor
Of old or new love, himfelf being falfe or weak,
Thought his pain and fhame would be leffer
If on womankind he might his anger wreak,
And thence a law did grow,
One might but one man know;
But are other creatures fo?

Are fun, moon, or ftars, by law forbidden
To fmile where they lift, or lend away their light?
Are birds divorc'd, or are they chidden
If they leave their mate, or lie abroad all night?
Beafts do no joyntures lofe
Tho' they new lovers choofe;
But we are made worfe than thofe.

Whoe'er rigg'd fair fhips to lie in harbours,
And not to feek lands, or not to deal with all?
Or build fair houfes, fet trees and arbours,
Only to lock up, or elfe to let them fall?
Good is not good unlefs
A thoufand it poffefs,
But doth wafte with greedinefs.

THE DREAM.

DEAR Love! for nothing lefs than thee
Would I have broke this happy Dream:
It was a theam
For reafon, much too ftrong for phantafie,
Therefore thou wak'dft me wifely; yet
My Dream thou brok'ft not, but continuedft it.
Thou art fo true, that thoughts of thee fuffice
To make Dreams truths, and fables hiftories.
Enter thefe arms; for fince thou thought'ft it beft
Not to dream all my Dream, let's act the reft.

As lightning or a taper's light,
Thine eyes, and not thy noiſe, wak'd me;
Yet I thought thee
(For thou lov'ſt truth) an angel at firſt ſight;
But when I ſaw thou ſaw'ſt my heart,
And knew'ſt my thoughts beyond an angel's art,
When thou knew'ſt what I dreamt, then thou knew'ſt
Exceſs of joy would wake me, and cam'ſt then. [when
I muſt confeſs it could not chuſe but be
Profane to think thee any thing but thee.

Coming and ſtaying ſhew'd thee thee,
But riſing makes me doubt that now
Thou art not thou.
That Love is weak where Fear's as ſtrong as he;
'Tis not all ſpirit, pure and brave,
If mixture it of fear, ſhame, honor, have.
Perchance as torches, which muſt ready be,
Men light and put out, ſo thou deal'ſt with me;
Thou cam'ſt to kindle, goeſt to come: then I
Will dream that hope again, but elſe would die.

A VALEDICTION OF WEEPING.

LET me pour forth
My tears before thy face whilſt I ſtay here,
For thy face coines them, and thy ſtamp they bear;
And by this mintage they are ſomething worth,

For thus they be
Pregnant of thee :
Fruits of much grief they are, emblems of more,
When a tear falls, that thou fall'ſt, which it bore ;
So thou and I are nothing then when on a diverſeſhore.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afrique, and an Aſia,
And quickly make that which was nothing all :
So doth each tear
Which thee doth wear
A globe, yea, world, by that impreſſion grow,
Till thy tears mixt with mine doe overflow
This world, by waters ſent from thee, my heav'n diſ-
[ſolved ſo.

O more than moon,
Draw not up ſeas to drown me in thy ſphear;
Weep me not dead in thine armes, but forbear
To teach the ſea what it may do too ſoon :
Let not the wind
Example find
To do me more harm than it purpoſeth :
Since thou and I ſigh one another's breath,
Whoe'er ſighs moſt is crüelleſt, and haſts the other's
death.

LOVE'S ALCHYMY.

SOME that have deeper digg'd Love's myne than I,
Say where his centrique happineſs doth lie:
I've lov'd, and got, and told,
But ſhould I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I ſhould not find that hidden myſtery:
Oh! 't is impoſture all:
And as no chymique yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-ſeeming ſummer's night.

Our eaſe, our thrift, our honour, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's ſhadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can? If he can
Endure the ſhort ſcorn of a bridegroom's play,
That loving wretch that ſwears
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelique finds,
Would ſwear as juſtly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarſe minſtrelſey the ſpheares.
Hope not for mind in women; at their beſt
Sweetneſs and wit they 're but mummy poſſeſt.

THE CURSE.

WHOEVER gueſſes, thinks, or dreams, he knows
Who is my miſtreſs, wither by this Curſe;
Him only for his purſe
May ſome dull whore to love diſpoſe,
And then yield unto all that are his foes;
May he be ſcorn'd by one whom all elſe ſcorn,
Forſwear to others what to her he 'hath ſworn,
With fear of miſſing, ſhame of getting, torn.

Madneſs his ſorrow, gout his cramp, may he
Make, by but thinking who hath made them ſuch;
And may he feel no touch
Of conſcience, but of fame, and be
Anguiſh'd, not that 't was ſin, but that 't was ſhe:
Or may he for her virtue reverence
One that hates him only for impotence,
And equal traitors be ſhe and his ſenſe.

May he dream treaſon, and believe that he
Meant to perform it, and confeſs and die,
And no record tell why:
His ſons, which none of his may be,
Inherit nothing but his infamy:
Or may he ſo long paraſites have fed,
That he would fain be theirs whom he hath bred,
And at the laſt be circumcis'd for bread.

The venome of all ſtepdames, gameſter's gall,
What tyrants and their ſubjects interwiſh,
What plants, myne, beaſts, fowl, fiſh,
Can contribute, all ill which all
Prophets or poets ſpake; and all which ſhall
Be' annexed in ſchedules unto this by me
Fall on that man; for if it be a ſhe,
Nature before-hand hath out-curſed me.

THE MESSAGE.

SEND home my long-ſtray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if they there have learn'd ſuch ill,
Such forc'd faſhions
And falſe paſſions,
That they be
Made by thee
Fit for no good ſight, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could ſtain;
But if it be taught by thine
To make jeſtings
Of proteſtings,
And break both
Word and oath,
Keep it ſtill, 't is none of mine.

Yet ſend me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know and ſee thy lies,
And may laugh and joy when thou
Art in anguiſh,
And doſt languiſh
For ſome one
That will none,
Or prove as falſe as thou doſt now.

A NOCTURNAL

UPON S. LUCIE'S DAY, BEING THE SHORTEST DAY.

'Tis the year's midnight, and it is the day's,
Lucie's, who ſcarce ſeven hours herſelf unmaſks.
The ſun is ſpent, and now his flaſks
Send forth light ſquibs, no conſtant rays;
The world's whole ſap is ſunk:
The general balm th' hydroptique earth hath drunk,
Whither, as to the bed's-feet, life is ſhrunk,
Dead and interr'd; yet all theſe ſeem to laugh,
Compar'd with me, who am their epitaph.

Study me then, you who ſhall lovers be
At the next world, that is, at the next ſpring;
For I am a very dead thing,
In whom Love wrought new alchymy;

For his art did expreſs
A quinteſſence even from nothingneſs,
From dull privations and lean emptineſs:
He ruin'd me, and I am re-begot
Of abſence, darkneſs, death; things which are not.

All others from all things draw all that 's good,
Life, ſoul, form, ſpirit, whence they being have;
I, by Love's limbeck, am the grave
Of all, that 's nothing. Oft' a flood
Have we two wept, and ſo
Drown'd the whole world, us two: oft' did we grow
To be two chaoſes, when he did ſhow
Care to ought elſe; and often abſences
Withdrew our ſouls, and made us carcaſſes.

But I am by her death (which word wrongs her)
Of the firſt nothing the elixir grown:
Were I a man, that I were one
I needs muſt know, I ſhould prefer,
If I were any beaſt,
Some ends, ſome means; yea plants, yea ſtones, deteſt,
And love, all, all ſome properties inveſt.
If I an ordinary nothing were,
As ſhadow, a light and body muſt be here.

But I am none; nor will my ſun renew,
You lovers, for whoſe ſake the leſſer ſun

At this time to the Goat is run
To fetch new luſt, and give it you,
Enjoy your ſummer all,
Since ſhe enjoys her long night's feſtival:
Let me prepare towards her, and let me call
This hour her Vigil and her Eve, ſince this
Both the year's and the day's deep midnight is.

WITCHCRAFT BY A PICTURE.

I FIX mine eye on thine, and there
Pity my Picture burning in thine eye,
My Picture drown'd in a tranſparent tear,
When I look lower, I eſpy.
Hadſt thou the wicked ſkill,
By Pictures made and marr'd to kill,
How many wayes might'ſt thou perform thy will?

But now I've drunk thy ſweet ſalt tears,
And tho' thou pour more I'll depart:
My Picture vaniſhed, vaniſh all fears
That I can be endamag'd by that art.
Tho' thou retain of me
One Picture more, yet that will be,
Being in thine own heart, from all malice free.

THE BAIT.

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will ſome new pleaſures prove
Of golden ſands and cryſtal brookes,
With ſilken lines and ſilver hookes.

There will the river whiſp'ring run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the ſun;
And there th' inamour'd fiſh will play,
Begging themſelves they may betray.

When thou wilt ſwim in that live bath,
Each fiſh, which every channel hath,
Will amorouſly to thee ſwim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou to be ſo ſeen art loth
By ſun or moon, thou dark'neſt both;
And if myſelf have leave to ſee,
I need not there light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling reeds,
And cut their legs with ſhells and weeds,
Or treacherouſly poor fiſh beſet
With ſtrangling ſnare or winding net:

Let coarſe bold hands from ſlimy neſt
The bedded fiſh in banks out-wreſt,
Or curious traitors ſleave ſilk flies,
Bewitch poor fiſhes' wand'ring eyes:

For thee, thou need'ſt no ſuch deceit,
For thou thyſelf art thine own Bait;
That fiſh that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiſer far than I.

THE APPARITION.

When by thy ſcorn, O, Murd'reſs! I am dead,
And thou ſhalt think thee free
Of all ſolicitation from me,
Then ſhall my Ghoſt come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd Veſtal, in worſe arms ſhall ſee;
Then thy ſick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whoſe thou art, being tir'd before,
Will, if thou ſtir, or pinch to wake him, think
Thou call'ſt for more,
And in a falſe ſleep even from thee ſhrink.
And then, poor aſpin Wretch! neglected, thou,
Bath'd in a cold quickſilver ſweat, wilt lie,
A veryer Ghoſt than I.
What I will ſay I will not tell thee now,
Leſt that preſerve thee; and ſince my love is ſpent,
I'd rather thou ſhouldſt painfully repent
Than by my threat'nings reſt ſtill innocent.

THE BROKEN HEART.

He is ſtark mad whoever ſays
That he hath been in love an hour;
Yet not that love ſo ſoon decays,
But that it can ten in leſs ſpace devour.
Who will believe me if I ſwear
That I have had the plague a year?
Who would not laugh at me, if I ſhould ſay
I ſaw a flaſh of powder burn a day?

Ah! what a trifle is a heart
If once into Love's hands it come?
All other griefs allow a part
To other griefs, and aſk themſelves but ſome:
They come to us, but us Love draws,
He ſwallows us and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd ſhot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, and we the frie.

If 't were not ſo, what did become
Of my heart when I firſt ſaw thee?
I brought a heart into the room,
But from the room I carried none with me:
If it had gone to thee, I know
Mine would have taught thine heart to ſhow
More pity unto me; but Love, alas!
At one firſt blow did ſhiver it as glaſs.

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breaſt hath all
Thoſe pieces ſtill, tho' they do not unite:
And now as broken glaſſes ſhow
A hundred leſſer faces, ſo
My raggs of heart can like, wiſh, and adore,
But after one ſuch love can love no more.

A VALEDICTION,

FORBIDDING MOURNING.

As virtuous men paſs mildly' away,
And whiſper to their ſouls to go,
Whilſt ſome of their ſad friends do ſay
Now his breath goes, and ſome ſay No:

So let us melt, and make no noiſe,
No tear-floods nor ſigh-tempeſts move,
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did and meant;
But trepidation of the ſphears,
Tho' greater far, is innocent.

Dull ſublunary lovers' love
(Whoſe ſoul is ſenſe) cannot admit
Of abſence, 'cauſe it doth remove
The thing which elemented it.

But we by' a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands, to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Tho' I must go, indure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixt foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.

And tho' it in the center sit,
Yet when the other far doth rome,
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end were I begun.

THE ECSTASIE.

Where, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swell'd up, to rest
The violet's declining head,
Sate we on one another's breast.

Our hands were firmly cemented
By a faſt balm, which thence did ſpring,
Our eye-beams twiſted, and did thread
Our eyes upon one double ſtring:

So to engraft our hands as yet
Was all the means to make us one,
And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

As 'twixt two equal armies Fate
Suſpends uncertain victory,
Our ſouls (which, to advance our ſtate,
Were gone out) hung 'twixt her and me:

And, whilſt our ſouls negotiate there,
We like ſepulchral ſtatues lay,
All day the ſame our poſtures were,
And we ſaid nothing all the day.

If any ſo by love refin'd
That he ſouls' language underſtood,
And by good love were grown all mind,
Within convenient diſtance ſtood,

He (tho' he knew not which ſoul ſpake,
Becauſe both meant, both ſpake, the ſame)
Might thence a new concoction take,
And part far purer than he came.

This Ecſtaſie doth unperplex
(We ſaid) and tell us what we love;
We ſee by this it was not ſex,
We ſee, we ſaw not what did move:

But as all ſeveral ſouls contain
Mixture of things they know not what,
Love theſe mixt ſouls doth mix again,
And makes both one, each this and that.

A ſingle violet tranſplant,
The ſtrength, the colour, and the ſize,
(All which before was poor and ſcant)
Redoubles ſtill and multiplies.

When love with one another ſo
Inter-animates two ſouls,
That abler ſoul, which thence doth flow,
Defects of lovelineſs controuls.

We then, who are this new ſoul, know
Of what we are compos'd and made;
For the atomes, of which we grow,
Are ſoul, whom no change can invade.

But, O, alas! ſo long, ſo far,
Our bodies why do we forbear?
They are ours, tho' not we; we are
Th' intelligences, they the ſphears.

We owe them thanks, becaufe they thus
Did us to us at firft convey,
Yielded their fenfe's force to us,
Nor are drofs to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not fo:
But that it firft imprints the air;
For foul into the foul may flow,
Tho' it to body firft repair.

As our blood labours to beget
Spirits as like fouls as it can,
Becaufe fuch fingers need to knit
That fubtile knot which makes us man;

So muft pure lovers' fouls defcend
T' affections and to faculties,
Which fenfe may reach and apprehend,
Elfe a great prince in prifon lies.

T' our bodies turn we then, and fo
Weak men on love reveal'd may look;
Love's myfteries in fouls do grow,
But yet the body is the book:

And if fome lover, fuch as we,
Have heard this dialogue of one,
Let him ftill mark us, he fhall fee
Small change when we 're to bodies grown.

LOVE'S DEITY.

I LONG to talk with ſome old lover's ghoſt,
Who dy'd before the god of Love was born:
I cannot think that he, who then lov'd moſt,
Sunk ſo low as to love one which did ſcorn:
But ſince this god produc'd a Deſtiny,
And that vice-nature cuſtom lets it be,
I muſt love her that loves not me.

Sure they which made him god meant not ſo much,
Nor he in his young godhead practis'd it;
But when an even flame two hearts did touch,
His office was indulgently to fit
Actives to paſſives; correſpondency
Only his ſubject was: it cannot be
Love, till I love her that loves me.

But every modern god will now extend
His vaſt prerogative as far as Jove,
To rage, to luſt, to write to, to commend,
All is the purlewe of the god of Love.
Oh! were we waken'd by this tyranny
T' ungod this child again, it could not be
I ſhould love her who loves not me.

Rebel and Atheiſt too, why murmur I,
As tho' I felt the worſt that love could do?

Love may make me leave loving, or might try
A deeper plague, to make her love me too,
Which, ſince ſhe loves before, I 'm loth to ſee
Falſhood is worſe than hate; and that muſt be,
If ſhe whom I love ſhould love me.

LOVE'S DIET.

To what a cumberſom unwieldineſs
And burdenous corpulence my love had grown!
But that I did, to make it leſs,
And keep it in proportion,
Give it a Diet, made it feed upon
That which love worſt endures, diſcretion.

Above one ſigh a day I allow'd him not,
Of which my fortune and my faults had part;
And if ſometimes by ſtealth he got
A ſhe ſigh from my miſtreſs' heart,
And thought to feaſt on that, I let him ſee
'Twas neither very ſound nor meant to me.

If he wrung from me a tear, I brin'd it ſo
With ſcorn or ſhame, that him it nouriſh'd not;
If he ſuck'd her's, I let him know
'Twas not a tear which he had got.
His drink was counterfeit, as was his meat;
Her eyes, which rowl t'wards all, weep not, but ſweat.

Whatever he would dictate, I writ that,
But burnt my letters which ſhe writ to me:
And if that favour made him fat,
I ſaid, If any title be
Convey'd by this, ah! what doth it avail
To be the fortieth man in an entail?

Thus I reclaim'd my buzzard love, to fly
At what, and when, and how, and where, I choſe;
Now negligent of ſport I lie,
And now, as other fawk'ners uſe,
I ſpring a miſtreſs, ſwear, write, ſigh, and weep,
And the game kill'd, or loſt, go talk or ſleep.

THE WILL.

Before I ſigh my laſt gaſp, let me breath,
Great Love! ſome legacies. I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can ſee;
If they be blind, then, Love! I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; t' embaſſadours mine ears;
To women, or the ſea, my tears.
Thou, Love! haſt taught me heretofore,
By making me love her who 'had twenty more,
That I ſhould give to none but ſuch as had too much [before.

My conſtancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;

Mine ingenuity and opennefs
To Jefuits; to buffoons my penfivenefs;
My filence t' any who abroad have been;
My money to a capuchin.
Thou, Love! taught'ft me, by' appointing me
To love there where no love receiv'd can be,
Only to give to fuch as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholiques;
All my good works unto the fchifmaticks
Of Amfterdam; my beft civility
And courtfhip to an univerfity:
My modefty I give to foldiers bare;
My patience let gamefters fhare.
Thou, Love! taught'ft me, by making me
Love her that holds my love difparity,
Only to give to thofe that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to thofe
Which were my friends; mine induftry to foes:
To fchoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulnefs;
My ficknefs to phyficians or excefs;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ;
And to my company my wit.
Thou, Love! by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'ft me to make, as tho' I gave, when I do but
restore.

To him for whom the paſſing-bell next tolls
I give my phyſick books; my written rolls
Of moral counſels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which paſs among
All foreigners mine Engliſh tongue.
Thou, Love! by making me love one
Who thinks her friendſhip a fit portion
For younger lovers, doſt my gifts thus diſproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying; becauſe Love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mynes, where none doth draw it forth;
And all your graces no more uſe ſhall have
Then a ſun-dyal in a grave.
Thou, Love! taught'ſt me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
T' invent and practiſe this one way t' annihilate all [three.

THE FUNERAL.

Whoever comes to ſhroud me, do not harm
Nor queſtion much
That ſubtile wreath of hair about mine arm:
The myſtery, the ſign, you muſt not touch,
For 't is my outward ſoul,
Viceroy to that which unto heav'n being gone,
Will leave this to controul,
And keep theſe limbs, her provinces, from diſſolution,

For if the ſinewie thread my brain lets fall
Thro' every part
Can tye thoſe parts, and make me one of all,
Thoſe hairs, which upward grow, and ſtrength and art
Have from a better brain,
Can better do 't; except ſhe meant that I
By this ſhould know my pain,
As priſoners then are manacled when they 're con-
[demn'd to die.
Whate'er ſhe meant by 't, bury it with me;
For ſince I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other hands theſe reliques came.
As 't was humility
T' afford to it all that a ſoul can do,
So 't is ſome bravery,
That ſince you would have none of me I bury ſome of
[you.

THE BLOSSOM.

Little think'ſt thou, poor Flow'r!
Whom I have watch'd ſix or ſeven dayes,
And ſeen thy birth, and ſeen what every hour
Gave to thy growth, thee to this heighth to raiſe,
And now doſt laugh and triumph on this bough;
Little think'ſt thou
That it will freeze anon, and that I ſhall
To-morrow find thee faln, or not at all.

Little think'ſt thou, (poor heart!
That laboureſt yet to neſtle thee,
And think'ſt by hovering here to get a part
In a forbidden or forbidding tree,
And hop'ſt her ſtiffneſs by long ſiege to bow)
Little think'ſt thou
That thou to-morrow, ere the ſun doth wake,
Muſt with this ſun and me a journey take.

But thou, which lov'ſt to be
Subtile to plague thyſelf, will ſay,
Alas! if you muſt go, what's that to me?
Here lies my bus'neſs, and here I will ſtay:
You go to friends, whoſe love and means preſent
Various content
To your eyes, ears, and taſte, and ev'ry part;
If then your body go, what need your heart?

Well, then ſtay here; but know,
When thou haſt ſtaid and done thy moſt,
A naked thinking heart, that makes no ſhow,
Is to a woman but a kind of ghoſt.
How ſhall ſhe know my heart? or, having none,
Know thee for one?
Practice may make her know ſome other part,
But take my word ſhe doth not know a heart.

Meet me at London then
Twenty dayes hence, and thou ſhalt ſee

Me fresher and more fat, by being with men,
Than if I had staid still with her and thee.
For God's sake! if you can, be you so too:
I will give you
There to another friend, whom we shall find
As glad to have my body as my mind.

THE PRIMROSE.

BEING AT MOUNTGOMERY CASTLE,

Upon the hill on which it is situate.

Upon this Primrose hill
(Where, if Heav'n would distill
A shower of rain, each several drop might go
To his own Primrose, and grow manna so;
And where their form and their infinitie
Make a terrestrial Galaxie,
As the small stars do in the skie)
I walk to find a true love, and I see
That 't is not a meer woman that is she,
But must or more or less than woman be.

Yet know I not which flower
I wish, a six or four:
For should my true-love less than woman be,
She were scarce any thing; and then, should she

Be more than woman, ſhe would get above
All thought of ſex, and think to move
My heart to ſtudy her, and not to love:
Both theſe were monſters. Since there muſt reſide
Falſhood in woman, I could more abide
She were by Art than Nature falſify'd.

Live, Primroſe! then, and thrive
With thy true number five;
And women, whom this flower doth repreſent,
With this myſterious number be content.
Ten is the fartheſt number; if half ten
Belongs unto each woman, then
Each woman may take half us men:
Or if this will not ſerve their turn, ſince all
Numbers are odd or even, ſince they fall
Firſt into five, women may take us all.

THE RELIQUE.

When my grave is broke up again,
Some ſecond gueſt to entertain,
(For graves have learn'd that woman-head
To be to more than one a-bed)
And he that digs it ſpies
A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,
Will he not let us alone,
And think that there a loving couple lies,

Who thought that this device might be ſome way
To make their ſouls, at the laſt buſie day,
Meet at this grave, and make a little ſtay?

If this fall in a time or land
Where maſs-devotion doth command,
Then he that digs us up will bring
Us to the biſhop or the king,
To make us Reliques; then
Thou ſhalt be a Mary Magdalen, and I
A ſomething elſe thereby:
All women ſhall adore us, and ſome men:
And ſince at ſuch time miracles are ſought,
I would have that age, by this paper, taught
What miracles we harmleſs lovers wrought.

Firſt we lov'd well and faithfully,
Yet knew not what we lov'd, nor why;
Diff'rence of ſex we ne'er knew
No more than guardian angels do;
Coming and going we
Perchance might kiſs, but yet between thoſe meales
Our hands ne'er toucht the ſeales
Which Nature, injur'd by late law, ſet free:
Theſe miracles we did; but now, alas!
All meaſure and all language I ſhould paſs,
Should I tell what a miracle ſhe was.

THE DAMP.

When I am dead, and doctors know not why,
And my friends' curiosity
Will have me cut up, to survey each part,
And they shall find your picture in mine heart;
You think a suddain Damp of love
Will thro' all their senses move,
And work on them as me, and so prefer
Your murder to the name of massacre.

Poor victories! but if you dare be brave,
And pleasure in the conquest have,
First kill th' enormous gyant, your disdain,
And let th' enchantress Honour next be slain;
And, like a Goth or Vandal, rise,
Deface records and histories
Of your own acts and triumphs over men,
And without such advantage kill me then.

For I could muster up, as well as you,
My gyants and my witches too,
Which are vast Constancy and Secretness;
But these I neither look for nor profess.
Kill me as woman; let me die
As a meer man: do you but try
Your passive valour, and you shall find then,
Naked you 've odds enough of any man.

THE DISSOLUTION.

She's dead! and all which die
To their firſt elements reſolve;
And we were mutual elements to us,
And made of one another.
My body then doth her's involve,
And thoſe things, whereof I conſiſt, hereby
In me abundant grow and burdenous,
And nouriſh not, but ſmother.
My fire of paſſion, ſighs of air,
Water of tears, and earthy ſad deſpair,
Which my materials be,
(But near worn out by Love's ſecuritie)
She, to my loſs, doth by her death repair;
And I might live long wretched ſo,
But that my fire doth with my fuel grow.
Now as thoſe active kings,
Whoſe foreign conqueſt treaſure brings,
Receive more, and ſpend more, and ſooneſt break;
This, (which I am amaz'd that I can ſpeak)
This death hath, with my ſtore,
My uſe increas'd:
And ſo my ſoul, more earneſtly releas'd,
Will outſtrip her's; as bullets flown before
A later bullet may o'ertake, the powder being more.

A JEAT RING SENT.

THOU art not ſo black as my heart,
Nor half ſo brittle as her heart thou art. [thee beſpoke?
What wouldſt thou ſay? ſhall both our properties by
Nothing more endleſs, nothing ſooner broke.

Marriage-rings are not of this ſtuff:
Oh! why ſhould ought leſs precious, or leſs tough,
Figure our loves? except in thy name thou have bid it
I'm cheap, and nought but faſhion; fling me away. [ſay

Yet ſtay with me, ſince thou art come;
Circle this finger's top, which didſt her thumb:
Be juſtly proud, and gladly ſafe, that thou doſt dwell
with me;
She that, oh! broke her faith would ſoon break thee.

NEGATIVE LOVE.

I NEVER ſtoop'd ſo low as they
Which on an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them which ſoar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire;
For ſenſe and underſtanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire:
My love, tho' ſilly, is more brave,
For may I miſs whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

If that be ſimply perfecteſt
Which can by no means be expreſt
But negatives, my love is ſo;
To all which all love I ſay No.
If any who deciphers beſt,
What we know not (ourſelves) can know,
Let him teach me that nothing: this
As yet my eaſe and comfort is,
Tho' I ſpeed not I cannot miſs.

THE PROHIBITION.

Take heed of loving me,
At leaſt remember I forbade it thee;
Not that I ſhall repair my' unthrifty waſte
Of breath and blood upon thy ſighs and tears,
By being to thee then what to me thou waſt;
But ſo great joy our life at once outwears:
Then, leſt thy love by my death fruſtrate be,
If thou love me, take heed of loving me.

Take heed of hating me,
Or too much triumph in the victory;
Not that I ſhall be mine own officer,
And hate with hate again retaliate;
But thou wilt loſe the ſtile of Conquerour
If I, thy conqueſt, periſh by thy hate:
Then, leſt my being nothing leſſen thee,
If thou hate me, take heed of hating me.

Yet love and hate me too,
So theſe extreams ſhall ne'er their office do;
Love me, that I may die the gentler way;
Hate me, becauſe thy love 's too great for me:
Or let theſe two themſelves, not me, decay;
So ſhall I live thy ſtage, not triumph be:
Then leſt thy love thou hate and me undo,
O let me live, yet love and hate me too!

THE EXPIRATION.

So, go break off this laſt lamenting kiſs,
Which ſucks two ſouls, and vapours both away.
Turn thou, Ghoſt! that way, and let me turn this,
And let ourſelves benight our happieſt day;
As aſk none leave to love; nor will we owe
Any ſo cheap a death as ſaying, Go.

Go; and if that word have not quite kill'd thee,
Eaſe me with death, by bidding me go too:
Or if it have, let my word work on me,
And a juſt office on a murd'rer do:
Except it be too late to kill me ſo,
Being double dead, going, and bidding Go.

THE COMPUTATION.

FROM my firſt twenty years, ſince yeſterday,
I ſcarce believ'd thou couldſt be gone away;
For forty more I fed on favours paſt,
And forty' on hopes that thou wouldſt they might laſt.
Tears drown'd one hundred, and ſighs blew out two;
A thouſand I did neither think nor do,
Or not divide, all being one thought of you;
Or in a thouſand more forgot that too.
Yet call not this long life; but think that I
Am, by being dead, immortal. Can ghoſts die?

THE PARADOX.

NO lover ſaith I love, nor any other
Can judge a perfect lover;
He thinks that elſe none can or will agree
That any loves but he.
I cannot ſay I lov'd, for who can ſay
He was kill'd yeſterday?
Love with exceſs of heat more young than old;
Death kills with too much cold.
We die but once, and who lov'd laſt did die;
He that ſaith twice doth lie:
For tho' he ſeem to move, and ſtir a while,
It doth the ſenſe beguile.
Such life is like the light, which bideth yet,
When the life's light is ſet;

Or like the heat which fire in ſolid matter
Leaves behind two hours after.
Once I lov'd and dy'd, and am now become
Mine epitaph and tomb.
Here dead men ſpeak their laſt, and ſo do I;
Love-ſlain, loe! here I die.

SONG.

Soul's joy, now I am gone,
And you alone,
(Which cannot be,
Since I muſt leave myſelf with thee,
And carry thee with me)
Yet when unto our eyes
Abſence denies
Each other's ſight,
And makes to us a conſtant night,
When others change to light;
" O give no way to grief,
" But let belief
" Of mutal love
" This wonder to the vulgar prove,
" Our bodies, not we, move".

Let not thy wit beweep
Words, but ſenſe deep;
For when we miſs,
By diſtance, our hopes-joyning bliſs,
Ev'n then our ſouls ſhall kiſs:

Fools have no means to meet
But by their feet:
Why ſhould our clay
Over our ſpirits ſo much ſway,
To tie us to that way?
"O give no way to grief," &c.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

WHILST yet to prove
I thought there was ſome deity in love,
So did I reverence, and gave
Worſhip, as Atheiſts at their dying hour
Call what they cannot name an unknown power;
As ignorantly did I crave.
Thus when
Things, not yet known, are coveted by men,
Our deſires give them faſhion, and ſo
As they wax leſſer fall, as they ſiſe grow.

But from late fair
His Highneſs (ſitting in a golden chair)
Is not leſs cared for after three days
By children, than the thing which lovers ſo
Blindly admire, and with ſuch worſhip woo:
Being had, enjoying it decays;
And thence
What before pleas'd them all takes but one ſenſe,

And that ſo lamely, as it leaves behind
A kind of ſorrowing dulneſs to the mind.

Ah! cannot we,
As well as cocks and lions, jocund be
After ſuch pleaſures? unleſs wiſe
Nature decreed (ſince each ſuch act, they ſay,
Diminiſheth the length of life a day)
This, as ſhe would man ſhould deſpiſe
The ſport,
Becauſe that other curſe of being ſhort,
And only for a minute made to be
Eager, deſires to raiſe poſterity.

Since ſo, my mind
Shall not deſire what no man elſe can find:
I'll no more dote and run
To purſue things which had endamag'd me;
And when I come where moving beauties be,
As men do when the ſummer ſun
Grows great,
Tho' I admire their greatneſs, ſhun their heat;
Each place can afford ſhadows. If all fail,
'Tis but applying worm-ſeed to the tail.

SONG.

DEAR Love! continue nice and chaſte,
For if you yield you do me wrong:
Let duller wits to love's end haſte,
I have enough to woo thee long.

All pain and joy is in their way;
The things we fear bring leſs annoy
Than fear, and hope brings greater joy;
But in themſelves they cannot ſtay.

Small favours will my prayers increaſe:
Granting my ſuit you give me all;
And then my prayers muſt needs ſurceaſe,
For I have made your godhead fall.

Beaſts cannot wit nor beauty ſee,
They man's affections only move:
Beaſts other ſports of love do prove,
With better feeling far than we.

Then, Love! prolong my ſuit; for thus
By loſing ſport I ſport do win;
And that doth virtue prove in us,
Which ever yet hath been a ſin.

My coming near may ſpie ſome ill,
And now the world is given to ſcoff:
To keep my love (then) keep me off,
And ſo I ſhall admire thee ſtill.

Say I have made a perfect choice;
Satiety ourſelves may kill:
Then give me but thy face and voice,
Mine eye and ear thou canſt not fill.

To make me rich (oh!) be not poor;
Give me not all, yet ſomething lend;
So I ſhall ſtill my ſuit commend,
And at your will do leſs or more:
But if to all you condeſcend,
My Love, our ſport, your godhead end.

A LECTURE UPON THE SHADOW.

Stand ſtill, and I will read to thee
A Lecture, Love, in Love's philoſophie.
Theſe three hours that we have ſpent
Walking here, two ſhadows went
Along with us, which we ourſelves produc'd;
But now the ſun is juſt above our head,
We do thoſe ſhadows tread,
And to brave clearneſs all things are reduc'd.

So whilſt our infant loves did grow,
Diſguiſes did, and ſhadows, flow
From us and our cares; but now 't is not ſo.

That love hath not attain'd the high'ſt degree,
Which is ſtill diligent leſt others ſee;
Except our loves at this noon ſtay,
We ſhall new ſhadows make the other way.
As the firſt were made to blind
Others, theſe which come behind
Will work upon ourſelves, and blind our eyes.
If our love's faint, and weſtwardly decline,
To me thou falſly thine,
And I to thee mine, actions ſhall diſguiſe.
The morning ſhadows wear away,
But theſe grow longer all the day;
But, oh! Love's day is ſhort, if love decay.

Love is a growing or full conſtant light,
And his ſhort minute, after noon, is night.

THE TOKEN.

Send me ſome Tokens that my hope may live,
Or that my eaſeleſs thoughts may ſleep and reſt;
Send me ſome honey to make ſweet my hive,
That in my paſſions I may hope the beſt.

I beg nor ribband wrought with thy own hands,
To knit our loves in the fantaſtick ſtrain
Of new-toucht youth; nor ring, to ſhew the ſtands
Of our affection, that as that's round and plain
So ſhould our loves meet in ſimplicity;
No, nor the corals which thy wriſt infold,
Lac'd up together in congruity,
To ſhew our thoughts ſhould reſt in the ſame hold:
No, nor thy picture, tho' moſt gracious,
And moſt deſired, 'cauſe 't is like the beſt;
Nor witty lines, which are moſt copious,
Within the writings which thou haſt addreſt.
Send me nor this nor that t' increaſe my ſcore,
But ſwear thou think'ſt I love thee, and no more.

DIVINE POEMS, &c.

I. LA CORONA.

Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe,
Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,
Thou which of good haſt, yea, art treaſurie,
All changing unchang'd, Ancient of days;
But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays,
Reward my Muſe's white ſinceritie,
But what thy thorny crown gain'd that give me,
A crown of glory, which doth flower always:
The ends crown our works, but thou crown'ſt our ends,
For at our ends begins our endleſs reſt;
The firſt laſt end now zealouſly poſſeſt,
With a ſtrong ſober thirſt my ſoul attends.
'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will is nigh.

II. ANNUNCIATION.

"Salvation to all that will is nigh;"
That All, which always is all every where,
Which cannot ſin, and yet all ſins muſt bear,
Which cannot die, yet cannot chooſe but die,
Lo, faithful Virgin! yields himſelf to lie

In priſon in thy womb; and tho' he there
Can take no ſin, nor thou give, yet he 'll wear,
Taken from thence, fleſh, which death's force may trie.
Ere by the ſphears time was created thou
Waſt in his mind, who is thy ſon and brother,
Whom thou conceiv'ſt conceived; yet thou 'rt now
Thy Maker's maker, and thy Father's mother;
Thou 'haſt light in dark, and ſhutt'ſt in little room
Immenſity, cloyſter'd in thy dear womb.

III. NATIVITIE.

"Immensity, cloyſter'd in thy dear womb,"
Now leaves his well-belov'd impriſonment;
There he hath made himſelf to his intent
Weak enough, now into our world to come:
But, oh! for thee, for him, hath th' inn no room?
Yet lay him in his ſtall, and from the orient
Stars and wiſe men will travel, to prevent
Th' effect of Herod's jealous general doom.
Seeſt thou, my Soul! with thy faith's eye, how he,
Which fills all place, yet none holds him, doth lie?
Was not his pity towards thee wondrous high,
That would have need to be pitied by thee?
Kiſs him, and with him into Egypt go,
With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

IV. TEMPLE.

"With his kind mother, who partakes thy woe,"
Joſeph! turn back; ſee where your child doth ſit
Blowing, yea, blowing out thoſe ſparks of wit
Which himſelf on the Doctors did beſtow:
The Word but lately could not ſpeak, and, lo,
It ſuddenly ſpeaks wonders. Whence comes it
That all which was, and all which ſhould be writ,
A ſhallow-ſeeming child ſhould deeply know?
His Godhead was not ſoul to his manhood,
Nor had time mellow'd him to this ripeneſs:
But as for one which hath a long taſk 't is good
With the ſun to begin his buſineſs,
He in his age's morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

V. MIRACLES.

"By miracles exceeding power of man"
He faith in ſome, envy in ſome begat;
For what weak ſpirits admire ambitious hate;
In both affections many to him ran:
But oh! the worſt are moſt, they will and can,
Alas! and do unto th' immaculate,
Whoſe creature Fate is, now preſcribe a fate,
Meaſuring ſelf-life's infinite to ſpan,

Nay, to an inch. Lo, where, condemned, he
Bears his own crofs with pain; yet by and by, 10
When it bears him, he muft bear more and die.
Now thou art lifted up, draw me to thee,
And, at thy death giving fuch liberal dole;
Moift with one drop of thy blood my dry foul. 14

VI. RESURRECTION.

" Moist with one drop of thy blood my dry foul,"
Shall (tho' fhe now be in extream degree
Too ftony hard, and yet too flefhly) be
Freed by that drop from being ftarv'd, hard, or foul;
And life, by this death abled, fhall controll 5
Death, whom thy death flew; nor fhall to me
Fear of firft or laft death bring miferie,
If in thy life's-book my name thou inroll:
Flefh in that long fleep is not putrified,
But made that there of which, and for which 't was,
Nor can by other means be glorified. 11
May then fin's fleep, and death foon from me pafs,
That, wak'd from both, I again rifen may
Salute the laft and everlafting day. 14

VII. ASCENSION.

" Salute the laft and everlafting day;"
Joy at th' uprifing of this Sun and Son
Ye whofe true tears or tribulation
Have purely wafht or burnt your droffy clay;

Behold the higheſt, parting hence away,
Lightens the dark clouds which he treads upon ;
Nor doth he by aſcending ſhew alone,
But firſt he, and he firſt, enters the way.
O ſtrong Ram ! which haſt batter'd heav'n for me,
Mild Lamb, which with thy blood haſt mark'd the path,
Bright torch, which ſhin'ſt, that I the way may ſee,
Oh ! with thy own blood quench thy own juſt wrath,
And if thy holy Spirit my Muſe did raiſe,
Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praiſe.

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

In that, O Queen of queens ! thy birth was free
From that which others doth of grace bereave,
When in their mother's womb they life receive,
God, as his ſole-born daughter, loved thee.

To match thee like thy birth's nobility
He thee his Spirit for his ſpouſe did leave,
By whom thou didſt his only Son conceive,
And ſo waſt link'd to all the Trinity.

Ceaſe then, O Queens ! that earthly crowns do wear,
To glory in the pomp of earthly things ;
If men ſuch high reſpects unto you bear,
Which daughters, wives, and mothers, are of kings,
What honour can unto that queen be done
Who had your God for father, ſpouſe, and ſon ?

THE CROSS.

SINCE Chriſt embrac'd the Croſs itſelf, dare I,
His image, th' image of his Croſs deny?
Would I have profit by the ſacrifice,
And dare the choſen altar to deſpiſe?
It bore all other ſins, but is it fit
That it ſhould bear the ſin of ſcorning it?
Who from the picture would avert his eye,
How would he flie his pains who there did die?
From me no pulpit nor miſgrounded law,
Nor ſcandal taken ſhall this Croſs withdraw;
It ſhall not, for it cannot; for the loſs
Of this Croſs were to me another croſs;
Better were worſe, for no affliction,
No croſs is ſo extream as to have none.
Who can blot out the Croſs, which th' inſtrument
Of God dew'd on me in the ſacrament?
Who can deny me power and liberty
To ſtretch mine arms, and mine own Croſs to be?
Swim, and at every ſtroke thou art thy Croſs:
The maſt and yard make one where ſeas do toſs.
Look down, thou ſpy'ſt our croſſes in ſmall things;
Look up, thou ſeeſt birds rais'd on croſſed wings.
All the globe's frame and ſphears is nothing elſe
But the meridian's croſſing parallels.
Material Croſſes then good phyſic be,
But yet ſpiritual have chief dignity.

Thefe for extracted chymique medicine ferve,
And cure much better, and as well preferve;
Then are you your own phyfick, or need none,
When ftill'd or purg'd by tribulation;
For when that crofs ungrudg'd unto you fticks,
Then are you to yourfelf a crucifix.
As perchance carvers do not faces make,
But that away which hid them there do take:
Let Croffes fo take what hid Chrift in thee,
And be his image, or not his, but he.
But as oft' alchymifts do coyners prove,
So may a felf-defpifing get felf-love:
And then, as worft furfeits of beft meats be,
So is pride iffued from humility;
For 't is no child but monfter: therefore crofs
Your joy in Croffes, elfe 't is double lofs;
And crofs thy fenfes, elfe both they and thou
Muft perifh foon, and to deftruction bow:
For if th' eye fee good objects, and will take
No crofs from bad, we cannot 'fcape a fnake.
So with harfh, hard, fow'r, ftinking crofs the reft,
Make them indifferent all; nothing beft.
But moft the eye needs croffing, that can rome
And move: to th' others objects muft come home.
And crofs thy heart; for that in man alone
Pants downwards, and hath palpitation.
Crofs thofe detorfions when it downward tends,
And when it to forbidden heights pretends.

And as the brain, tho' bony, walls doth vent
By ſutures, which a croſſe's form preſent,
So when thy brain works, ere thou utter it,
Croſs and correct concupiſcence of wit.
Be covetous of Croſſes, let none fall;
Croſs no man elſe, but croſs thyſelf in all.
Then doth the Croſs of Chriſt work faithfully
Within our hearts when we love harmleſsly
The Croſſe's pictures much, and with more care
That Croſſe's children which our croſſes are.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

By Euphrates' flow'ry ſide
We did 'bide,
From dear Juda far abſented,
Tearing the air with our cries,
And our eyes
With their ſtreams his ſtream augmented.

II.

When poor Sion's doleful ſtate,
Deſolate,
Sacked, burned, and inthrall'd,
And the Temple ſpoil'd, which we
Ne'er ſhould ſee,
To our mirthleſs minds we call'd;

III.

Our mute harps, untun'd, unſtrung,
Up we hung
On green willows near beſide us;
Where we, ſitting all forlorn,
Thus in ſcorn
Our proud ſpoylers 'gan deride us.

IV.

Come, ſad Captives! leave your moans,
And your groans
Under Sion's ruins bury;
Tune your harps, and ſing us lays
In the praiſe
Of your God, and let 's be merry.

V.

Can, ah! can we leave our moans,
And our groans
Under Sion's ruins bury?
Can we in this land ſing lays
In the praiſe
Of our God, and here be merry?

VI.

No; dear Sion! if I yet
Do forget
Thine affliction miſerable,
Let my nimble joynts become
Stiff and numb,
To touch warbling harp unable.

VII.

Let my tongue lofe finging fkill,
Let it ftill
To my parched roof be glew'd,
If in either harp or voice
I rejoyce
Till thy joys fhall be renew'd.

VIII.

Lord, curfe Edom's trait'rous kind;
Bear in mind
In our ruins how they revell'd:
"Sack, kill, burn," they cry'd out ftill,
"Sack, burn, kill;
"Down with all, let all be levell'd."

IX.

And thou, Babel! when the tide
Of thy pride,
Now a-flowing, grows to turning,
Victor now fhall then be thrall,
And fhall fall
To as low an ebb of mourning.

X.

Happy he who fhall thee wafte,
As thou haft
Us, without all mercy, wafted;
And fhall make thee tafte and fee
What poor we,
By thy means, have feen and tafted.

XI.

Happy who thy tender bairns,
From the arms
Of their wailing mothers tearing,
'Gainſt the walls ſhall daſh their bones,
Ruthleſs ſtones
With their brains and blood beſmearing.

RESURRECTION, IMPERFECT.

Sleep, ſleep, old Sun! thou canſt not have repaſt
As yet the wound thou took'ſt on Friday laſt;
Sleep, then, and reſt; the world may bear thy ſtay,
A better Sun roſe before thee to-day;
Who, not content t' enlighten all that dwell
On the earth's face, as thou enlight'ned hell,
And made the dark fires languiſh in that vale,
As at thy preſence here our fires grow pale;
Whoſe body having walk'd on earth, and now
Haſt'ning to heav'n, would that he might allow
Himſelf unto all ſtations, and fill all,
For theſe three days become a mineral.
He was all gold when he lay down, but roſe
All tincture, and doth not alone diſpoſe
Leaden and iron wills to good, but is
Of pow'r to make ev'n ſinful fleſh like his.
Had one of thoſe, whoſe credulous piety
Thought that a ſoul one might diſcern and ſee

Go from a body, at this ſepulcher been,
And iſſuing from the ſheet this body ſeen,
He would have juſtly thought this body a ſoul,
If not of any man, yet of the whole.

Deſunt cætera.

TO SIR ROBERT CARR.

SIR,

I Preſume you rather trie what you can do in me, than what I can do in verſe: you know my uttermoſt when it was beſt, and even then I did beſt when I had leaſt truth for my ſubjects. In this preſent caſe there is ſo much truth as it defeats all poetry: call, therefore, this paper by what name you will, and if it be not worthy of him, nor of you, nor of me, ſmother it, and be that the ſacrifice. If you had commanded me to have waited on his body to Scotland, and preached there, I would have embraced the obligation with more alacrity; but I thank you that you would command me that which I was loath to do, for even that hath given a tincture of merit to the obedience of

Your poor friend and ſervant in Chriſt Jeſus,

J. DONNE.

AN HYMN

TO THE SAINTS, AND TO MARQUIS HAMILTON.

WHETHER that ſoul, which now comes up to you,
Fill any former rank, or make a new;

Whether it take a name nam'd there before,
Or be a name itſelf, and order more
Than was in heav'n till now; (for may not he
Be ſo, if every ſeveral angel be
A kind alone) whatever order grow
Greater by him in heav'n, we do not ſo.
One of your orders grows by his acceſs,
But by his loſs grow all our orders leſs.
The name of Father, Maſter, Friend, the name
Of Subject and of Prince, in one is lame;
Fair mirth is dampt, and converſation black,
The Houſhold widow'd, and the Garter ſlack;
The Chappel wants an ear, Council a tongue;
Story a theam, and Muſick lacks a ſong.
Bleſt order! that hath him; the loſs of him
Gangreen'd all orders here; all loſt a limb!
Never made body ſuch haſte to confeſs
What a ſoul was; all former comelineſs
Fled in a minute, when the ſoul was gone,
And having loſt that beauty would have none:
So fell our monaſteries, in an inſtant grown
Not to leſs houſes, but to heaps of ſtone;
So ſent his body, that fair form it wore,
Unto the ſphear of forms, and doth (before
His ſoul ſhall fill up his ſepulchral ſtone)
Anticipate a reſurrection:
For as it is his fame, now his ſoul 's here,
So in the form thereof his body 's there.

And if, fair Soul! not with firſt innocents
Thy ſtation be, but with the penitents,
(And who ſhall dare to aſk then, when I am
Dy'd ſcarlet in the blood of that pure Lamb,
Whether that colour which is ſcarlet then
Were black or white before in eyes of men?)
When thou rememb'reſt what ſins thou didſt find
Amongſt thoſe many friends now left behind,
And ſeeſt ſuch ſinners, as they are, with thee
Got thither by repentance, let it be
Thy wiſh to wiſh all there, to wiſh them clean;
Wiſh him a David, her a Magdalen.

THE

ANNUNCIATION AND PASSION.

TAMELY, frail fleſh! abſtain to-day; to-day
My ſoul eats twice, Chriſt hither and away;
She ſees him man, ſo like God made in this,
That of them both a circle emblem is,
Whoſe firſt and laſt concur: this doubtful day
Of feaſt or faſt Chriſt came and went away.
She ſees him nothing twice at once, who 's all;
She ſees a cedar plant itſelf, and fall;
Her Maker put to making, and the head
Of life, at once, not yet alive, and dead:
She ſees at once the Virgin-mother ſtay
Reclus'd at home, publique at Golgotha.

Sad and rejoyc'd ſhe 's ſeen at once, and ſeen
At almoſt fifty, and at ſcarce fifteen:
At once a ſon is promis'd her, and gone;
Gabriel gives Chriſt to her, he her to John:
Not fully a mother, ſhe 's in orbitie,
At once receiver and the legacie.
All this, and all between, this day hath ſhown,
Th' abridgment of Chriſt's ſtory, which makes one
(As in plain maps the furtheſt weſt is eaſt)
Of th' angel's Ave and *Conſummatum eſt.*
How well the church, God's Court of Faculties,
Deals in ſometimes and ſeldom joyning theſe!
As by the ſelf-fix'd pole we never do
Direct our courſe, but the next ſtar thereto,
Which ſhews where th' other is, and which we ſay
(Becauſe it ſtrays not far) doth never ſtray:
So God by his church, neareſt to him, we know,
And ſtand firm, if we by her motion go;
His Spirit, as his fiery pillar, doth
Lead, and his church as cloud; to one end both.
This church, by letting thoſe feaſts joyn, hath ſhown
Death and conception in mankind are one;
Or 't was in him the ſame humility,
That he would be a man and leave to be,
Or as creation he hath made, as God,
With the laſt judgment but one period;
His imitating ſpouſe would joyn in one
Manhood's extreams; he ſhall come, he is gone;

Or as tho' one blood drop, which thence did fall,
Accepted, would have ferv'd, he yet fhed all:
So tho' the leaft of his pains, deeds or words,
Would bufie a life, fhe all this day affords.
This treafure then in grofs, my Soul! up-lay,
And in my life retail it every day.

GOOD-FRIDAY, 1613.

RIDING WESTWARD.

Let man's foul be a fphear, and then in this
Th' intelligence that moves, devotion is;
And as the other fphears, by being grown
Subject to foreign motion, lofe their own,
And being by others hurried every day,
Scarce in a year their natural form obey:
Pleafure or bufinefs fo our fouls admit
For their firft mover, and are whirl'd by it.
Hence is 't that I am carried t'wards the weft
This day, when my foul's form bends to the eaft;
There I fhould fee a fun by rifing fet,
And by that fetting endlefs day beget.
But that Chrift on his crofs did rife and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I 'almoft be glad I do not fee
That fpectacle of too much weight for me.
Who fees God's face, that is felf-life, muft die;
What a death were it then to fee God die?

It made his own lieutenant, Nature, ſhrink;
It made his footſtool crack, and the ſun wink.
Could I behold thoſe hands which ſpan the poles,
And tune all ſphears at once, pierc'd with thoſe holes?
Could I behold that endleſs height which is
Zenith to us and our antipodes,
Humbled below us? or that blood, which is
The ſeat of all our ſouls, if not of his,
Made dirt of duſt? or that fleſh, which was worn
By God for his apparel, ragg'd and torn?
If on theſe things I durſt not look, durſt I
On his diſtreſſed mother caſt mine eye,
Who was God's partner here, and furniſh'd thus
Half of that ſacrifice which ranſom'd us?
Tho' theſe things, as I ride, be from mine eye,
They 're preſent yet unto my memory,
For that looks towards them, and thou look'ſt towards me,
O Saviour! as thou hang'ſt upon the tree.
I turn my back to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.
O think me worth thine anger; puniſh me,
Burn off my ruſt, and my deformity;
Reſtore thine image ſo much by thy grace,
That thou may'ſt know me, and I'll turn my face.

THE LITANIE.

I. THE FATHER.

Father of heav'n, and him by whom
It, and us for it, and all elfe for us,
Thou mad'ft and govern'ft ever, come,
And re-create me, now grown ruinous;
My heart is by dejection clay,
And by felf-murder red.
From this red earth, O Father! purge away
All vicious tinctures, that, new fafhioned,
I may rife up from death before I'm dead.

II. THE SON.

O son of God! who feeing two things,
Sin and death, crept in, which were never made,
By bearing one, try'dft with what ftings
The other could thine heritage invade,
O be thou nail'd unto my heart,
And crucify'd again:
Part not from it, tho' it from thee would part,
But let it be, by' applying fo thy pain,
Drown'd in thy blood, and in thy paffion flain.

III. THE HOLY GHOST.

O HOLY GHOST! whofe temple I
Am, but of mud walls and condenfed duft,
And being facrilegioufly
Half wafted with youth's fires, of pride and luft,
Muft with new ftorms be weather-beat,
Double in my heart thy flame,
Which let devout fad tears intend, and let
(Tho' this glafs lanthorn, flefh, do fuffer maim)
Fire, facrifice, prieft, altar, be the fame.

IV. THE TRINITY.

O BLESSED, glorious Trinity!
Bones to philofophy but milk to faith,
Which, as wife ferpents diverfly
Moft flipp'rinefs, yet moft entanglings hath,
As you diftinguifh'd (undiftinct)
By pow'r, love, knowledge, be,
Give me fuch felf-diff'rent inftinct,
Of thefe let all me elemented be,
Of pow'r to love, to know you unnumb'red Three.

V. THE VIRGIN MARY.

FOR that fair bleffed Mother-maid,
Whofe flefh redeem'd us, (that fhe cherubin,

Which unlock'd Paradife, and made
One claim for innocence, and diffeiz'd fin;
Whofe womb was a ftrange heav'n, for there
God cloath'd himfelf, and grew)
Our zealous thanks we pour. As her deeds were
Our helps, fo are her prayers; nor can fhe fue
In vain who hath fuch titles unto you.

VI. THE ANGELS.

And fince this life our nonage is,
And we in wardfhip to thine Angels be,
Native in heav'n's fair palaces,
Where we fhall be but denizon'd by thee;
As th' earth, conceiving by the fun,
Yields fair diverfity,
Yet never knows what courfe that light doth run;
So let me ftudy that mine actions be
Worthy their fight, tho' blind in how they fee.

VII. THE PATRIARCHS.

And let thy Patriarchs' defire
(Thofe great grandfathers of thy church, which faw
More in the cloud than we in fire,
Whom Nature clear'd more than us grace and law,
And now in heav'n ftill pray that we

May ufe our new helps right)
Be fatisfy'd, and fructifie in me:
Let not my mind be blinder by more light,
Nor faith, by reafon added, lofe her fight.

VIII. THE PROPHETS.

Thy eagle-fighted Prophets, too,
(Which were thy church's organs, and did found
That harmony which made of two
One law, and did unite, but not confound;
Thofe heav'nly Poets, which did fee
Thy will, and it exprefs
In rythmique feet) in common pray for me,
That I by them excufe not my excefs
In feeking fecrets or poetiquenefs.

IX. THE APOSTLES.

And thy illuftrious zodiack
Of twelve apoftles, which ingirt this all,
(From whom whofoe'er do not take
Their light, to dark deep pits thrown down do fall)
As thro' their prayers thou haft let me know
That their books are divine,
May they pray ftill, and be heard, that I go
Th' old broad way in applying; O decline
Me, when my comment would make thy word mine.

X. THE MARTYRS.

And ſince thou ſo deſirouſly
Didſt long to die, that long before thou couldſt,
And long ſince thou no more couldſt dye,
Thou in thy ſcatter'd myſtique body wouldſt
In Abel dye, and ever ſince
In thine, let their blood come
To beg for us a diſcreet patience
Of death, or of worſe life; for, oh! to ſome
Not to be martyrs is a martyrdom.

XI. THE CONFESSORS.

Therefore with thee triumpheth there
A virgin ſquadron of white Confeſſors,
Whoſe bloods betroth'd, not married, were
Tender'd, not taken by thoſe raviſhers:
They know, and pray that we may know:
In every Chriſtian
Hourly tempeſtuous perſecutions grow.
Temptations martyr us alive. A man
Is to himſelf a Diocleſian.

XII. THE VIRGINS.

The cold white-ſnowy nunnery,
(Which, as thy mother, their high abbeſs, ſent
Their bodies back again to thee,
As thou hadſt lent them, clean and innocent)
Tho' they have not obtain'd of thee

That or thy church or I
Should keep, as they, our firſt integritie:
Divorce thou ſin in us, or bid it die,
And call chaſte widowhood Virginity.

XIII. THE DOCTORS.

The ſacred Academ above
Of Doctors, whoſe pains have unclaſp'd and taught
Both books of life to us (for love
To know the Scripture tells us we are wrote
In thy' other book) pray for us there,
That what they have miſdone,
Or miſ-ſaid, we to that may not adhere;
Their zeal may be our ſin. Lord, let us run
Mean ways, and call them ſtars, but not the ſun.

XIV.

And whilſt this univerſal choir,
(That church in triumph, this in warfare here,
Warm'd with one all-partaking fire
Of love, that none be loſt, which coſt thee dear)
Prays ceaſeleſsly', and thou hearken too,
(Since to be gracious
Our taſk is treble, to pray, bear, and do)
Hear this pray'r, Lord! O Lord! deliver us
From truſting in thoſe prayers, tho' pour'd out thus.

XV.

From being anxious, or ſecure,
Dead clouds of ſadneſs, or light ſquibs of mirth,

From thinking that great courts immure
All or no happineſs, or that this earth
Is only for our priſon fram'd,
Or that thou 'rt covetous
To them thou lov'ſt, or that they are maim'd,
From reaching this world's ſweets: who ſeek thee thus
With all their might, good Lord! deliver us.

XVI.

From needing danger to be good,
From owing thee yeſterday's tears to-day,
From truſting ſo much to thy blood,
That in that hope we wound our ſouls away;
From bribing thee with alms t' excuſe
Some ſin more burdenous;
From light affecting in religion news,
From thinking us all ſoul, neglecting thus
Our mutual duties, Lord! deliver us.

XVII.

From tempting Satan to tempt us,
By our connivance or ſlack company;
From meaſuring ill by vicious,
Neglecting to choak Sin's ſpawn, vanity;
From indiſcreet humility,
Which might be ſcandalous,
And caſt reproach on Chriſtianity;
From being ſpies, or to ſpies pervious;
From thirſt or ſcorn of fame, deliver us.

XVIII.

Deliver us thro' thy deſcent
Into the Virgin, whoſe womb was a place
Of middle kind, and thou being ſent
T' ungracious us, ſtay'dſt at her full grace;
And thro' thy poor birth, where firſt thou
Glorify'dſt Poverty,
And yet ſoon after riches didſt allow,
By' accepting king's gifts in th' Epiphany,
Deliver, and make us to both ways free.

XIX.

And thro' that bitter agony,
Which ſtill is th' agony of pious wits,
Diſputing what diſtorted thee,
And interrupted evenneſs with fits;
And thro' thy free confeſſion,
Tho' thereby they were then
Made blind, ſo that thou might'ſt from them have gone,
Good Lord! deliver us; and teach us when
We may not, and we may, blind unjuſt men.

XX.

Thro' thy ſubmitting all to blows
Thy face, thy robes to ſpoil, thy fame to ſcorn;
All ways which rage or juſtice knows,
And by which thou couldſt ſhew that thou waſt born;
And thro' thy gallant humbleneſs,
Which thou in death didſt ſhow,
Dying before thy ſoul they could expreſs,

Deliver us from death, by dying ſo
To this world, ere this world do bid us go.

XXI.

When ſenſes, which thy ſoldiers are,
We arm againſt thee, and they fight for ſin;
When Want, ſent but to tame, doth war,
And work Deſpair a breach to enter in;
When Plenty, God's image and ſeal,
Makes us idolatrous,
And love it, not him, whom it ſhould reveal;
When we are mov'd to ſeem religious,
Only to vent wit, Lord! deliver us.

XXII.

In churches when th' infirmity
Of him which ſpeaks diminiſhes the word;
When Magiſtrates do miſapply
To us, as we judge, lay or ghoſtly ſword;
When Plague, which is thine angel, reigns,
Or Wars, thy champions, ſway;
When Hereſie, thy ſecond deluge, gains,
In th' hour of death, th' eve of laſt judgment-day,
Deliver us from the ſiniſter way.

XXIII.

Hear us, O hear us, Lord! to thee
A ſinner is more muſick when he prays,
Than ſphears' or angels' praiſes be
In panegyrick alleluias;

Hear us; for till thou hear us, Lord!
We know not what to ſay:
Thine ear to'our ſighs, tears, thoughts, gives voice and word.
O thou! who Satan heardſt in Job's ſick day,
Hear thyſelf now, for thou in us doſt pray.

XXIV.

That we may change to evenneſs
This intermitting aguiſh pietie;
That ſnatching cramps of wickedneſs,
And apoplexies of faſt ſin may die;
That muſick of thy promiſes,
Not threats in thunder, may
Awaken us to our juſt offices;
What in thy book thou doſt, or creatures, ſay,
That we may hear, Lord! hear us, when we pray.

XXV.

That our ears' ſickneſs we may cure,
And rectifie thoſe labyrinths aright;
That we by heark'ning not procure
Our praiſe, nor other's diſpraiſe ſo invite;
That we get not a ſlipp'rineſs,
And ſenſleſly decline,
From hearing bold wits jeſt at king's exceſs,
T' admit the like of Majeſtie divine;
That we may lock our ears, Lord! open thine.

XXVI.

That living law, the magiſtrate,
Which to give us and make us phyſick doth

Our vices often aggravate;
That preachers, taxing ſin before her growth,
That Satan, and invenom'd men,
Which will, if we ſtarve, dine,
When they do moſt accuſe us, may ſee then
Us to amendment hear them, thee decline;
That we may open our ears, Lord! lock thine.

XXVII.

That Learning, thine embaſſadour,
From thine allegiance we never tempt;
That beauty, Paradiſe's flow'r,
For phyſick made, from poyſon be exempt;
That wit, born apt high good to do,
By dwelling lazily
On Nature's nothing, be not nothing too;
That our affections kill us not, nor die.
Hear us, weak Echoes, O thou ear and crie!

XXVIII.

Son of God! hear us: and ſince thou,
By taking our blood, ow'ſt it us again,
Gain to thyſelf and us allow,
And let not both us and thyſelf be ſlain.
O Lamb of God! which took'ſt our ſin,
Which could not ſtick to thee,
O let it not return to us again!
But patient and phyſician being free,
As ſin is nothing, let it no where be.

UPON THE TRANSLAT. OF THE PSALMS

By Sir Philip Sidney and the Counteſs of Pembroke his ſiſter.

Eternal God! (for whom whoever dare
Seek new expreſſions do the circle ſquare,
And thruſt into ſtrait corners of poor wit
Thee, who art cornerleſs and infinite)
I would but bleſs thy name, not name thee now;
(And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)
Fix we our praiſes therefore on this one,
That as thy bleſſed Spirit fell upon
Theſe Pſalms' firſt author in a cloven tongue,
(For 't was a double power by which he ſung,
The higheſt matter in the nobleſt form)
So thou haſt cleft that Spirit, to perform
That work again, and ſhed it here upon
Two, by their bloods and by thy Spirit one;
A brother and a ſiſter, made by thee
The organ, where thou art the harmonie;
Two that make one John Baptiſt's holy voice;
And who that pſalm, "Now let the iſles rejoyce,"
Have both tranſlated, and apply'd it too;
Both told us what, and taught us how to do.
They ſhew us iſlanders our joy, our king;
They tell us why, and teach us how to ſing. [ſphears;
Make all this all, three choirs, heav'n, earth, and
The firſt, heav'n, hath a ſong, but no man hears;

The fphears have mufick, but they have no tongue,
Their harmony is rather danc'd than fung:
But our third choir, to which the firft gives ear,
(For angels learn by what the church does here)
This choir hath all. The organift is he
Who hath tun'd God and man, the organ we:
The fongs are thefe which Heav'n's high holy Mufe
Whifper'd to David, David to the Jews,
And David's fucceffors in holy zeal
In forms of joy and art do re-reveal
To us fo fweetly and fincerely too,
That I muft not rejoyce as I would do,
When I behold that thefe Pfalms are become
So well attir'd abroad, fo ill at home;
So well in chambers, in thy church fo ill,
As I can fcarce call that Reform'd until
This be reform'd. Would a whole ftate prefent
A leffer gift than fome one man hath fent?
And fhall our church unto our fpoufe and King
More hoarfe, more harfh, than any other, fing?
For that we pray, we praife thy name for this,
Which by this Mofes and this Miriam is
Already done; and as thofe Pfalms we call
(Tho' fome have other authors) David's all;
So tho' fome have, fome may fome Pfalms tranflate,
We thy Sydnean Pfalms fhall celebrate;
And till we come th' extemporal fong to fing,
(Learned the firft hour that we fee the King,

Who hath tranſlated thoſe tranſlators) may
Theſe, their ſweet learned labours, all the way
Be as our tuning, that when hence we part,
We may fall in with them, and ſing our part.

A HYMN TO CHRIST,

AT THE AUTHOR'S LAST GOING INTO GERMANY.

In what torn ſhip ſoever I embark,
That ſhip ſhall be my emblem of thy ark;
What ſea ſoever ſwallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Tho' thou with clouds of anger do diſguiſe
Thy face, yet thro' that maſk I know thoſe eyes,
Which, tho' they turn away ſometimes,
They never will deſpiſe.

I ſacrifice this iſland unto thee,
And all whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my ſins and thee.
As the tree's ſap doth ſeek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' Eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, doſt controul
The amrouſneſs of an harmonious ſoul;

But thou wouldſt have that love thyſelf: as thou
Art jealous, Lord! ſo I am jealous now.
Thou lov'ſt not, till from loving more thou free
My ſoul: whoever gives, takes liberty.
Oh! if thou car'ſt not whom I love,
Alas! thou lov'ſt not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all
On whom thoſe fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry thoſe loves which in youth ſcatter'd be
On face, wit, hopes, (falſe miſtreſſes) to thee.
Churches are beſt for prayer that have leaſt light:
To ſee God only I go out of ſight;
And to 'ſcape ſtormy days I chuſe
An everlaſting night.

ON THE SACRAMENT.

He was the Word that ſpake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what that Word did make it,
I do believe and take it.

THE LAMENTAT. OF JEREMY,

FOR THE MOST PART ACCORDING TO TREMELLIUS.

CHAP. I.

1. How ſits this city, late moſt populous,
Thus ſolitary, and like a widow thus?
Ampleſt of nations, queen of provinces,
She was, who now thus tributary is.

2. Still in the night ſhe weeps, and her tears fall
Down by her cheeks along, and none of all
Her lovers comfort her. Perfidiouſly
Her friends have dealt, and now are enemy.

3. Unto great bondage and afflictions
Juda is captive led: thoſe nations
With whom ſhe dwells no place of reſt afford;
In ſtraights ſhe meets her perſecutor's ſword.

4. Emptie are th' gates of Sion, and her ways
Mourn, becauſe none come to her ſolemn days.
Her prieſts do groan, her maids are comfortleſs,
And ſhe's unto herſelf a bitterneſs.

5. Her foes are grown her head, and live at peace,
Becauſe when her tranſgreſſions did encreaſe
The Lord ſtrook her with ſadneſs. Th' enemy
Doth drive her children to captivity.

6. From Sion's daughter is all beauty gone.
Like harts, which ſeek for paſture and find none,
Her princes are; and now before the foe,
Which ſtill purſues them, without ſtrength they go.

7. Now in their days of tears, Jeruſalem
(Her men ſlain by the foe, none ſuccouring them)
Remembers what of old ſhe eſteem'd moſt,
Whilſt her foes laugh at her for which ſhe 'ath loſt.

8. Jeruſalem hath ſinn'd, therefore is ſhe
Remov'd, as women in uncleanneſs be:
Who honour'd, ſcorn her; for her foulneſs they
Have ſeen: herſelf doth groan, and turn away.

9. Her foulneſs in her ſkirts was ſeen, yet ſhe
Remember'd not her end; miraculouſly
Therefore ſhe fell, none comforting. Behold,
O Lord! my' affliction, for the foe grows bold.

10. Upon all things, where her delight hath been,
The foe hath ſtretch'd his hand; for ſhe hath ſeen,
Heathen, whom thou commandſt ſhould not do ſo,
Into her holy Sanctuary go.

11. And all her people groan and ſeek for bread;
And they have given, only to be fed,
All precious things, wherein their pleaſure lay.
How cheap I'm grown, O Lord! behold, and weigh.

12. All this concerns not you, who paſs by me;
O! ſee, and mark if any ſorrow be
Like to my ſorrow, which Jehovah hath
Done to me in the day of his fierce wrath.

13. That fire, which by himſelf is governed,
He hath caſt from heav'n on my bones, and ſpread
A net before my feet, and me o'erthrown,
And made me languiſh all the day alone.

14. His hands hath of my ſins framed a yoke,
Which wreath'd, and caſt upon my neck, hath broke
My ſtrength. The Lord unto thoſe enemies
Hath given me, from whom I cannot riſe.

15. He under foot hath trodden in my ſight
My ſtrong men; he did company accite
To break my young men; he the wine-preſs hath
Trod upon Juda's daughter in his wrath.

16. For theſe things do I weep; mine eye, mine eye
Caſts water out; for he which ſhould be nigh
To comfort me is now departed far;
The foe prevails, forlorn my children are.

17. There's none, tho' Sion do ſtretch out her hand,
To comfort her: it is the Lord's command
That Jacob's foes girt him: Jeruſalem
Is as an unclean woman amongſt them.

18. But yet the Lord is juſt and righteous ſtill;
I have rebell'd againſt his holy will;
O hear, all people! and my ſorrow ſee,
My maids, my young men, in captivitie.

19. I called for my lovers then, but they
Deceiv'd me, and my prieſts and elders lay
Dead in the city; for they ſought for meat,
Which ſhould refreſh their ſouls, and none could get.

20. Becauſe I am in ſtraits, Jehovah! ſee
My heart o'erturn'd, my bowels muddy be;
Becauſe I have rebell'd ſo much, as faſt
The ſword without as death within doth waſte.

21. Of all which here I mourn, none comforts me;
My foes have heard my grief, and glad they be
That thou haſt done it; but thy promis'd day
Will come, when, as I ſuffer, ſo ſhall they.

22. Let all their wickedneſs appear to thee;
Do unto them as thou haſt done to me
For all my ſins. The ſighs which I have had
Are very many, and my heart is ſad.

CHAP. II.

1. How over Sion's daughter hath God hung
His wrath's thick cloud! and from heaven hath flung
To earth the beauty' of Iſrael, and hath
Forgot his footſtool in the day of wrath!

2. The Lord unſparingly hath ſwallowed
All Jacob's dwellings, and demoliſhed
To ground the ſtrength of Juda, and profan'd
The princes of the kingdom and the land.

3. In heat of wrath the horn of Iſrael he
Hath clean cut off; and, leſt the enemy
Be hinder'd, his right hand he doth retire,
But is t'wards Jacob all-devouring fire.

4. Like to an enemy he bent his bow,
His right hand was in poſture of a foe;
To kill what Sion's daughter did deſire,
'Gainſt whom his wrath he poured forth like fire.

5. For like an enemy Jehovah is,
Devouring Iſrael and his palaces;
Deſtroying holds, giving additions
To Juda's daughters' lamentations.

6. Like to a garden-hedge he hath caſt down
The place where was his congregation,
And Sion's feaſts and ſabbaths are forgot;
Her king, her prieſt, his wrath regarded not.

7. The Lord forſakes his altar, and deteſts
His ſanctuary; and in the foes' hands reſts
His palace, and the walls, in which their cries
Are heard, as in the true ſolemnities.

8. The Lord hath caſt a line, ſo to confound
And level Sion's walls unto the ground:
He draws not back his hand, which doth o'erturn
The wall and rampart, which together mourn.

9. The gates are ſunk into the ground, and he
Hath broke the bar; their kings and princes be
Amongſt the Heathen without law, nor there
Unto the prophets doth the Lord appear.

10. There Sion's elders on the ground are plac'd,
And ſilence keep; duſt on their heads they caſt;
In ſackcloth have they girt themſelves, and low
The virgins towards ground their heads do throw.

11. My bowels are grown muddy, and mine eyes
Are faint with weeping; and my liver lies
Pour'd out upon the ground, for miſery
That ſucking children in the ſtreets do die.

12. When they had cry'd unto their mothers, Where
Shall we have bread and drink? they fainted there;
And in the ſtreet, like wounded perſons, lay,
Till 'twixt their mothers' breaſts they went away.

13. Daughter Jeruſalem, oh! what may be
A witneſs or compariſon for thee?
Sion, to eaſe thee, what ſhall I name like thee?
Thy breach is like the ſea; what help can be?

14. For thee vain fooliſh things thy prophets ſought,
Thee thine iniquities they have not taught,
Which might diſ-turn thy bondage; but for thee
Falſe burthens and falſe cauſes they would ſee.

15. The paſſengers do clap their hands and hiſs,
And wag their head at thee, and ſay, "Is this
"That city which ſo many men did call
"Joy of the earth, and perfecteſt of all?"

16. Thy foes do gape upon thee, and they hiſs,
And gnaſh their teeth, and ſay, "Devour we this;
"For this is certainly the day which we
"Expected, and which now we find and ſee.

17. The Lord hath done that which he purpoſed,
Fulfill'd his word, of old determined;
He hath thrown down, and not ſpar'd, and thy foe
Made glad above thee, and advanc'd him ſo.

18. But now their hearts unto the Lord do call;
Therefore, O walls of Sion! let tears fall
Down like a river day and night; take thee
No reſt, but let thine eye inceſſant be.

19. Ariſe, cry in the night, pour out thy ſins,
Thy heart, like water, when the watch begins;
Lift up thy hands to God, leſt children die,
Which, faint for hunger, in the ſtreets do lie.

20. Behold, O Lord! conſider unto whom
Thou haſt done this; what, ſhall the women come
To eat their children of a ſpan? ſhall thy
Prophet and prieſt be ſlain in ſanctuary?

21. On ground in ſtreets the young and old do lie;
My virgins and young men by ſword do die;
Them in the day of thy wrath thou haſt ſlain,
Nothing did thee from killing them contain.

22. As to a ſolemn feaſt, all whom I fear'd
Thou call'ſt about me: when thy wrath appear'd,
None did remain or 'ſcape; for thoſe which I
Brought up did periſh by mine enemy.

CHAP. III.

1. I AM the man which have affliction ſeen,
Under the rod of God's wrath having been.

2. He hath led me to darkneſs, not to light,
3. And againſt me all day his hand doth fight.

4. He hath broke my bones, worn out my fleſh and [ſkin;
5. Built up againſt me; and hath girt me in
With hemlock, and with labour; 6. And ſet me
In dark, as they who dead for ever be.

7. He hath hedg'd me, leſt I 'ſcape, and added more
To my ſteel fetters, heavier than before.
8. When I cry out, he'outſhuts my prayer; 9. And hath
Stopp'd with hewn ſtone my way, and turn'd my path.

10. And like a lion hid in ſecrecy,
Or bear, which lies in wait, he was to me.
11. He ſtops my way, tears me, made deſolate;
12. And he makes me the mark he ſhooteth at.

13. He made the children of his quiver paſs
Into my reins. 14. I with my people was
All the day long a ſong and mockery.
15. He hath fill'd me with bitterneſs, and he

Hath made me drunk with wormwood. 16. He hath burſt
My teeth with ſtones, and covered me with duſt.
17. And thus my ſoul far off from peace was ſet,
And my proſperity I did forget.

18. My ſtrength, my hope, (unto myſelf I ſaid)
Which from the Lord ſhould come, is periſhed.
19. But when my mournings I do think upon,
My wormwood, hemlock, and affliction,

20. My ſoul is humbled in rememb'ring this;
21. My heart conſiders; therefore hope there is.
22. 'Tis God's great mercy we're not utterly
Conſum'd, for his compaſſions do not die;

23. For every morning they renewed be;
For great, O Lord! is thy fidelity.
24. The Lord is, ſaith my ſoul, my portion,
And therefore in him will I hope alone.

25. The Lord is good to them who' on him rely,
And to the ſoul that ſeeks him earneſtly.
26. It is both good to truſt, and to attend
The Lord's ſalvation unto the end.

27. 'Tis good for one his yoke in youth to bear:
28. He ſits alone, and doth all ſpeech forbear,
Becauſe he hath borne it: 29. And his mouth he lays
Deep in the duſt, yet then in hope he ſtays.

30. He gives his cheeks to whoſoever will
Strike him, and ſo he is reproached ſtill.
31. For not for ever doth the Lord forſake; [take
32. But when he hath ſtruck with ſadneſs, he doth

Compaſſion, as his mercy's infinite.
33. Nor is it with his heart that he doth ſmite,
34. That under foot the priſoners ſtamped be,
35. That a man's right the judge himſelf doth ſee

To be wrung from him; 36. That he ſubverted is
In his juſt cauſe, the Lord allows not this.
37. Who then will ſay that ought doth come to paſs
But that which by the Lord commanded was?

38. Both good and evil from his mouth proceeds;
39. Why then grieves any man for his miſdeeds?
40. Turn we to God, by trying out our ways;
41. To him in heav'n our hands with hearts upraiſe.

42. We have rebell'd, and fall'n away from thee;
Thou pardon'ſt not; 43. Uſeſt no clemency;
Purſu'ſt us, kill'ſt us, cover'ſt us with wrath;
44. Cover'ſt thyſelf with clouds, that our prayer hath

No pow'r to paſs: 45. And thou haſt made us fall
As refuſe, and off-ſcouring, to them all.
46. All our foes gape at us. 47. Fear and a ſnare,
With ruin and with waſte, upon us are.

48. With watry rivers doth mine eye o'erflow,
For ruin of my people's daughters ſo:
49. Mine eye doth drop down tears inceſſantly,
50. Until the Lord look down from heav'n to ſee.

51. And for my city, daughters' ſake, mine eye
Doth break mine heart. 52. Cauſeleſs mine enemy,
Like a bird, chas'd me. 53. In a dungeon
They've ſhut my life, and caſt on me a ſtone.

54. Waters flow'd o'er my head; then thought I, I'm
Deſtroy'd: 55. I called, Lord! upon thy name
Out of the pit; 56. And thou my voice didſt hear:
Oh! from my ſight and cry ſtop not thine ear.

57. Then when I call'd upon thee, thou drew'ſt near
Unto me', and ſaidſt unto me, Do not fear.
58. Thou, Lord! my ſoul's cauſe handled haſt, and thou
Reſcu'ſt my life. 59. O Lord! do thou judge now.

Thou heard'ſt my wrong. 60. Their vengeance all they've wrought;
61. How they reproach'd thou'ſt heard, and what they thought;
62. What their lips utter'd, which againſt me roſe,
And what was ever whiſper'd by my foes.

63. I am their ſong, whether they riſe or ſit.
64. Give them rewards, Lord! for their working fit,
65. Sorrow of heart, thy curſe: 66. And with thy might
Follow', and from under heav'n deſtroy them quite.

CHAP. IV.

1. How is the gold become ſo dim! how is
Pureſt and fineſt gold thus chang'd to this!
The ſtones, which were ſtones of the ſanctuary,
Scatter'd in corners of each ſtreet do lie.

2. The precious ſons of Sion, which ſhould be
Valu'd as pureſt gold, how do we ſee
Low-rated now! as earthen pitchers, ſtand,
Which are the work of a poor potter's hand.

3. Even the ſea-calves draw their breaſts, and give
Suck to their young: my people's daughters live,
By reaſon of the foe's great cruelneſs,
As do the owls in the vaſt wilderneſs.

4. And when the ſucking child doth ſtrive to draw,
His tongue for thirſt cleaves to his upper jaw;
And when for bread the little children cry,
There is no man that doth them ſatisfy.

5. They which before were delicately fed,
Now in the ſtreets forlorn have periſhed:
And they, which ever were in ſcarlet cloath'd,
Sit and embrace the dunghills which they loath'd.

6. The daughters of my people have ſinn'd more
Than did the town of Sodom ſin before,
Which being at once deſtroy'd, there did remain
No hands amongſt them to vex them again.

7. But heretofore purer her Nazarite
Was than the ſnow, and milk was not ſo white:
As carbuncles did their pure bodies ſhine;
And all their poliſh'dneſs was ſaphirine.

8. They're darker now than blackneſs; none can know
Them by the face, as thro' the ſtreet they go;
For now their ſkin doth cleave unto their bone,
And, withered, is like to dry wood grown.

9. Better by ſword than famine 't is to dye;
And better th'rough-pierc'd than thro' penury.
10. Women, by nature pitiful, have ate
Their children (dreſt with their own hand) for meat.

11. Jehovah here fully accompliſh'd hath
His indignation, and pour'd forth his wrath;
Kindled a fire in Sion, which hath pow'r
To eat, and her foundations to devour.

12. Nor would the kings of th' earth, nor all which live
In the inhabitable world, believe
That any adverſary, any foe,
Into Jeruſalem ſhould enter ſo.

13. For the prieſts' ſins, and prophets', which have ſhed
Blood in the ſtreets, and the juſt murthered:
14. Which, when thoſe men, whom they made blind,
Thorough the ſtreets, defiled by the way [did ſtray

With blood, the which impoſſible it was
Their garment ſhould 'ſcape touching as they paſs,
15. Would cry aloud, "Depart, defiled men,
"Depart, depart, and touch us not!" and then

They fled, and ſtray'd, and with the Gentiles were,
Yet told their friends they ſhould not long dwell there:
16. For this they're ſcatter'd by Jehovah's face,
Who never will regard them more. No grace

Unto the old men ſhall their foe afford,
Nor that they're prieſts redeem them from the ſword:
17. And we as yet, for all theſe miſeries
Deſiring our vain help, conſume our eyes:

And ſuch a nation as cannot ſave,
We in deſire and ſpeculation have.
18. They hunt our ſteps, that in the ſtreets we fear
To go; our end is now approached near.

Our days accompliſht are, this the laſt day;
19. Eagles of heav'n are not ſo ſwift as they
Which follow us; o'er mountains' tops they flie
At us, and for us in the deſert lie.

20. The Lord's anointed, breath of our noſtrils, he
Of whom we ſaid, under his ſhadow we
Shall with more eaſe under the Heathen dwell,
Into the pit, which theſe men digged, fell.

21. Rejoyce, O Edom's daughter! joyful be,
Thou that inhabit'ſt Uz; for unto thee
This cup ſhall paſs, and thou with drunkenneſs
Shalt fill thyſelf, and ſhew thy nakedneſs.

22. And then thy ſins, O Sion! ſhall be ſpent;
The Lord will not leave thee in baniſhment:
Thy ſins, O Edom's daughter! he will ſee,
And for them pay thee with captivity.

CHAP. V.

1. REMEMBER, O Lord! what is fall'n on us;
See and mark how we are reproached thus.
2. For unto ſtrangers our poſſeſſion
Is turn'd, our houſes unto aliens gone.

3. Our mothers are become as widows, we
As orphans all, and without fathers be.
4. Waters, which are our own, we drink and pay,
And upon our own wood a price they lay.

5. Our perſecutors on our necks do ſit;
They make us travail, and not intermit.
6. We ſtretch our hands unto th' Egyptians
To get us bread, and to th' Aſſyrians.

7. Our fathers did theſe ſins, and are no more;
But we do bear the ſins they did before.
8. They are but ſervants which do rule us thus,
Yet from their hands none would deliver us.

9. With danger of our life our bread we gat,
For in the wilderneſs the ſword did wait.
10. The tempeſts of this famine we liv'd in
Black as an oven colour'd had our ſkin.

11. In Juda's cities they the maids abus'd
By force, and ſo women in Sion us'd.
12. The princes with their hands they hung; no grace
Nor honour gave they to the elder's face.

13. Unto the mill our young men carried are,
And children fell under the wood they bare:
14. Elders the gates, youth did their ſongs, forbear;
Gone was our joy; our dancings mournings were.

15. Now is the crown fall'n from our head, and wo
Be unto us, becauſe we'ave ſinned ſo:
16. For this our hearts do languiſh, and for this
Over our eyes a cloudy dimneſs is;

17. Becauſe Mount Sion deſolate doth lie,
And foxes there do go at liberty.
18. But thou, O Lord! art ever; and thy throne
From generation to generation.

19. Why ſhouldſt thou forget us eternally,
Or leave us thus long in this miſery?
20. Reſtore us, Lord! to thee; that ſo we may
Return, and, as of old, renew our day.

21. For oughteſt thou, O Lord! deſpiſe us thus,
22. And to be utterly enrag'd at us?

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD,

IN MY SICKNESS.

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with the choir of ſaints for evermore
I ſhall be made thy muſique, as I come
I tune the inſtrument here at the door,
And what I muſt do then think here before.

Whilſt my phyſicians, by their love, are grown
Coſmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be ſhown
That this is my ſouth-weſt diſcovery
Per fretum febris, by theſe ſtraights to dye.

I joy that in theſe ſtraights I ſee my weſt;
For tho' thoſe currants yield return to none,
What ſhall my weſt hurt me? as weſt and eaſt
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the reſurrection.

Is the Pacifique Sea my home? or are
The eaſtern riches? Is Jeruſalem,
Anyan, and Magellan, and Gibraltar?
All ſtraights, and none but ſtraights are ways to them,
Whether where Japheth dwelt, or Cham, or Sem.

We think that Paradiſe and Calvarie,
Chriſt's croſs and Adam's tree, ſtood in one place;
Look, Lord! and find both Adams met in me:
As the firſt Adam's ſweat ſurrounds my face,
May the laſt Adam's blood my ſoul embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive me, Lord!
By theſe his thorns give me his other crown;
And as to others' ſouls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my ſermon to mine own;
Therefore, that he may raiſe, the Lord throws down.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

I.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin where I begun,
Which was my ſin, tho' it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin thro' which I run,
And do run ſtill, tho' ſtill I do deplore?
When thou haſt done thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

II.

Wilt thou forgive that ſin which I have won
Others to ſin, and made my ſins their door?
Wilt thou forgive that ſin which I did ſhun
A year or two, but wallow'd in a ſcore?
When thou haſt done thou haſt not done,
For I have more.

III.

I have a ſin of fear, that when I 'ave ſpun
My laſt thread I ſhall periſh on the ſhore;
But ſwear by thyſelf that at my death thy Son
Shall ſhine as he ſhines now and heretofore;
And having done that thou haſt done,
I fear no more.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

INFINITATI SACRUM,

16 AUGUSTI, 1601.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

POEMA SATYRICON.

EPISTLE.

OTHERS at the porches and entries of their buildings set their arms, I my picture, if any colours can deliver a mind so plain and flat, and thorough-light as mine. Naturally at a new author I doubt and stick, and do not say quickly Good. I censure much and tax; and this liberty costs me more than others: yet I would not be so rebellious against myself as not to do it since I love it, nor so unjust to others to do it sine talione. *As long as I give them as good hold upon me they must pardon me my bitings. I forbid no reprehender but him that, like the Trent Council, forbids not books, but authors, damning whatever such a name hath or shall write. None write so ill that he gives not something exemplary to follow or fly. Now, when I begin this book, I have no purpose to come into any man's debt: how my stock will hold out I know not; perchance waste, perchance increase in use. If I do borrow any thing of Antiquity, besides that I make account that I*

pay it to posterity with as much, and as good, you shall still find me to acknowledge it, and to thank not him only that hath digged out treasure for me, but that hath lighted me a candle to the place. All which I will bid you remember (for I will have no such readers as I can teach) is, that the Pythagorean doctrine doth not only carry one soul from man to man, nor man to beast, but indifferently to plants also; and, therefore, you must not grudge to find the same soul in an emperor, in a post-horse, and in a maceron, since no unreadiness in the soul, but an indisposition in the organs, works this. And, therefore, though this soul could not move when it was a melon, yet it may remember, and can now tell me, at what lascivious banquet it was served: and though it could not speak when it was a spider, yet it can remember, and now tell me, who used it for poyson to attain dignity. However the bodies have dulled her other faculties, her memory hath ever been her own; which makes me so seriously deliver you, by her relation, all her passages, from her first making, when she was that apple which Eve ate, to this time, when she is she whose life you shall find in the end of this book.

THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

I.

I SING the Progreſs of a deathleſs Soul,
Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,
Plac'd in moſt ſhapes. All times, before the law
Yoak'd us, and when, and ſince, in this I ſing,
And the great World t' his aged evening,
From infant morn thro' manly noon I draw:
What the gold Chaldee or ſilver Perſian ſaw,
Greek braſs, or Roman iron, 't is in this one,
A work t' out-wear Seth's pillars, brick and ſtone,
And (holy writ excepted) made to yield to none.

II.

Thee, eye of heaven, this great Soul envies not;
By thy male force is all we have begot.
In the firſt eaſt thou now beginn'ſt to ſhine,
Suck'ſt early balm, and iſland ſpices there,
And wilt anon in thy looſe-rein'd career
At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow, dine,
And ſee at night thy weſtern land of myne;
Yet haſt thou not more nations ſeen than ſhe
That before thee one day began to be,
And, thy frail light being quench'd, ſhall long, long outlive thee.

III.

Nor holy Janus, in whoſe ſoveraign boat
The church and all the monarchies did float;

That ſwimming college and free hoſpital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls and beaſts, in whoſe womb Deſtiny
Us and our lateſt nephews did inſtall,
(From thence are all deriv'd that fill this all)
Didſt thou in that great ſtewardſhip embark
So diverſe ſhapes into that floating park,
As have been mov'd and inform'd by this heav'nly ſpark.

IV.

Great Deſtiny, the commiſſary of God,
That haſt mark'd out a path and period
For every thing; who, where we off-ſpring took,
Our ways and ends ſeeſt at one inſtant: thou
Knot of all cauſes; thou whoſe changeleſs brow
Ne'er ſmiles nor frowns, O! vouchſafe thou to look,
And ſhew my ſtory in thy eternal book,
That (if my prayer be fit) I may underſtand
So much myſelf as to know with what hand,
How ſcant or liberal this my life's race is ſpann'd.

V.

To my ſix luſters, almoſt now out-wore,
Except thy book owe me ſo many more;
Except my legend be free from the letts
Of ſteep ambition, ſleepy poverty,
Spirit-quenching ſickneſs, dull captivity,
Diſtracting buſineſs, and from beautie's nets,
And all that calls from this and t' others whets;

O! let me not launch out, but let me ſave
Th' expenſe of brain and ſpirit, that my grave
His right and due, a whole unwaſted man, may have.

VI.

But if my days be long and good enough,
In vain this ſea ſhall enlarge or enrough
Itſelf; for I will thro' the wave and foam,
And hold, in ſad lone ways, a lively ſpright,
Make my dark heavy Poem light, and light:
For tho' thro' many ſtraights and lands I roam,
I launch at Paradiſe, and ſail t'wards home:
The courſe I there began ſhall here be ſtay'd;
Sails hoiſted there ſtruck here, and anchors laid
In Thames which were at Tygris and Euphrates weigh'd.

VII.

For the great Soul which here amongſt us now
Doth dwell, and moves that hand, and tongue, and brow,
Which as the moon the ſea moves us, to hear
Whoſe ſtory with long patience you will long;
(For 't is the crown and laſt ſtrain of my ſong)
This Soul, to whom Luther and Mahomet were
Priſons of fleſh; this Soul, which oft' did tear
And mend the wrecks of th' empire, and late Rome,
And, liv'd when every great change did come,
Had firſt in Paradiſe a low but fatal room.

VIII.

Yet no low room, nor then the greateſt, leſs
If (as devout and ſharp men fitly gueſs)

That croſs, our joy and grief, (where nails did tie
That All, which always was all every where,
Which could not ſin, and yet all ſins did bear,
Which could not die, yet could not chuſe but die)
Stood in the ſelf-ſame room in Calvary
Where firſt grew the forbidden learned tree;
For on that tree hung in ſecuritie
This Soul, made by the Maker's will from pulling free.

IX.

Prince of the orchard, fair as dawning morn,
Fenc'd with the law, and ripe as ſoon as born,
That apple grew which this Soul did enlive,
Till the then climbing ſerpent, that now creeps
For that offence for which all mankind weeps,
Took it, and t' her, whom the firſt man did wive,
(Whom and her race only forbiddings drive)
He gave it, ſhe t' her huſband; both did eat:
So periſhed the eaters and the meat,
And we (for treaſon taints the blood) thence die and ſweat.

X.

Man all at once was there by woman ſlain,
And one by one we 're here ſlain o'er again
By them. The mother poyſon'd the well-head;
The daughters here corrupt us rivulets;
No ſmallneſs 'ſcapes, no greatneſs breaks, their nets:
She thruſt us out, and by them we are led
Aſtray from turning to whence we are fled.

Were priſoners judges 't would ſeem rigorous;
She ſinn'd, we bear : part of our pain is thus
To love them whoſe fault to this painful love yoak'd
[us.

XI.

So faſt in us doth this corruption grow,
That now we dare aſk why we ſhould be ſo.
Would God (diſputes the curious rebel) make
A law, and would not have it kept ? or can
His creatures' will croſs his ? Of every man
For one will God (and be juſt) vengeance take ?
Who ſinn'd ? 't was not forbidden to the ſnake,
Nor her, who was not then made; nor is 't writ
That Adam cropt or knew the apple ; yet
The worm, and ſhe, and he, and we, endure for it.

XII.

But ſnatch me, heav'nly Spirit ! from this vain
Reck'ning their vanity ; leſs is their gain
Than hazard ſtill to meditate on ill,
Tho' with good mind ; their reaſon 's like thoſe toys
Of glaſſie bubbles which the gameſome boys
Stretch to ſo nice a thinneſs thro' a quill,
That they themſelves break, and do themſelves ſpill.
Arguing is heritique's game, and exerciſe,
As wreſtlers, perfects them. Not liberties
Of ſpeech, but ſilence ; hands, not tongues, and here-
[ſies.

XIII.

Juſt in that inſtant, when the ſerpent's gripe
Broke the ſlight veins and tender conduit-pipe

Thro' which this Soul from the tree's root did draw
Life and growth to this apple, fled away
This looſe Soul, old, one and another day.
As lightning, which one ſcarce dare ſay he ſaw,
'Tis ſo ſoon gone (and better proof the law
Of ſenſe than faith requires) ſwiftly ſhe flew
T' a dark and foggy plot; her her fates threw
There thro' th' earth's pores, and in a plant hous'd her anew.

XIV.

The plant, thus abled, to itſelf did force
A place where no place was by Nature's courſe,
As air from water, water fleets away
From thicker bodies; by this root throng'd ſo
His ſpungy confines gave him place to grow:
Juſt as in our ſtreets, when the people ſtay
To ſee the prince, and ſo fill up the way
That weaſels ſcarce could paſs; when he comes near
They throng and cleave up, and a paſſage clear,
As if for that time their round bodies flatten'd were.

XV.

His right arm he thruſt out towards the eaſt,
Weſtward his left; th' ends did themſelves digeſt
Into ten leſſer ſtrings, theſe fingers were:
And, as a ſlumb'rer, ſtretching on his bed,
This way he this and that way ſcattered
His other leg, which feet with toes up bear;
Grew on his middle part, the firſt day, hair,

To ſhow that in love's bus'neſs he ſhould ſtill
A dealer be, and be us'd, well or ill:
His apples kindle, his leaves force of conception kill.

XVI.

A mouth, but dumb, he hath; blind eyes, deaf ears,
And to his ſhoulders dangle ſubtile hairs;
A young Coloſſus there he ſtands upright;
And, as that ground by him were conquered,
A leafie garland wears he on his head
Enchas'd with little fruits ſo red and bright,
That for them ye would call your love's lips white;
So of a lone unhaunted place poſſeſt,
Did this Soul's ſecond inn, built by the gueſt
This living buried man, this quiet mandrake, reſt.

XVII.

No luſtful woman came this plant to grieve,
But 't was becauſe there was none yet but Eve,
And ſhe (with other purpoſe) kill'd it quite:
Her ſin had now brought in infirmities,
And ſo her cradled child the moiſt-red eyes
Had never ſhut, nor ſlept, ſince it ſaw light:
Poppy ſhe knew, ſhe knew the mandrake's might,
And tore up both, and ſo cool'd her child's blood.
Unvirtuous weeds might long unvex'd have ſtood,
But he 's ſhort liv'd that with his death can do moſt good.

XVIII.

To an unfetter'd Soul's quick nimble haſte
Are falling ſtars and hearts' thoughts but ſlow pac'd,

Thinner than burnt air flies this Soul, and ſhe,
Whom four new coming and four parting ſuns
Had found, and left the mandrake's tenant, runs,
Thoughtleſs of change, when her firm deſtiny
Confin'd and engoal'd her that ſeem'd ſo free
Into a ſmall blew ſhell, the which a poor
Warm bird o'erſpread, and ſat ſtill evermore,
Till her enclos'd child kick'd, and pick'd itſelf a door.

XIX.

Out crept a ſparrow, this Soul's moving inn,
On whoſe raw arms ſtiff feathers now begin,
As children's teeth thro' gums, to break with pain:
His fleſh is jelly yet, and his bones threads;
All a new downy mantle overſpreads:
A mouth he opes, which would as much contain
As his late houſe, and the firſt hour ſpeaks plain,
And chirps aloud for meat: meat fit for men
His father ſteals for him, and ſo feeds then
One that within a month will beat him from his hen.

XX.

In this world's youth wiſe Nature did make haſte,
Things ripen'd ſooner, and did longer laſt:
Already this hot cock in buſh and tree,
In field and tent, o'erflutters his next hen:
He aſks her not who did ſo taſte, nor when;
Nor if his ſiſter or his niece ſhe be,
Nor doth ſhe pule for his inconſtancie

If in her ſight he change; nor doth refuſe
The next that calls; both liberty do uſe.
Where ſtore is of both kinds, both kinds may freely [chuſe.

XXI.

Men, till they took laws which made freedom leſs,
Their daughters and their ſiſters did ingreſs;
Till now unlawful, therefore ill, 't was not;
So jolly, that it can move this Soul. Is
The body ſo free of his kindneſſes,
That ſelf-preſerving it hath now forgot,
And ſlack'neth not the Soul's and body's knot,
Which temp'rance ſtraitens? Freely on his ſhe-friends
He blood and ſpirit, pith and marrow, ſpends;
Ill ſteward of himſelf, himſelf in three years ends.

XXII.

Elſe might he long have liv'd; man did not know
Of gummy blood which doth in holly grow,
How to make bird-lime, nor how to deceive,
With feign'd calls his nets or enwrapping ſnare,
The free inhabitants of the pliant air.
Man to beget, and woman to conceive,
Aſk'd not of roots, nor of cock-ſparrows, leave;
Yet chuſeth he, tho' none of theſe he fears,
Pleaſantly three; then ſtraiten'd twenty years
To live, and to encreaſe his race himſelf outwears.

XXIII.

This coal with overblowing quench'd and dead,
The Soul from her too active organs fled

T' a brook. A female fiſh's ſandy roe
With the male's jelly newly leaven'd was;
For they had intertouch'd as they did paſs,
And one of thoſe ſmall bodies, fitted ſo,
This Soul inform'd, and able it to row
Itſelf with finny oars, which ſhe did fit,
Her ſcales ſeem'd yet of parchment, and as yet
Perchance a fiſh, but by no name you could call it.

XXIV.

When goodly, like a ſhip in her full trim,
A ſwan ſo white, that you may unto him
Compare all whiteneſs, but himſelf to none,
Glided along, and as he glided watch'd,
And with his arched neck this poor fiſh catch'd:
It mov'd with ſtate, as if to look upon
Low things it ſcorn'd; and yet before that one
Could think he ſought it, he had ſwallow'd clear
This and much ſuch, and unblam'd; devour'd there
All but who too ſwift, too great, or well-arm'd, were.

XXV.

Now ſwam a priſon in a priſon put,
And now this Soul in double walls was ſhut,
Till melted with the ſwan's digeſtive fire
She left her houſe, the fiſh, and vapour'd forth:
Fate not affording bodys of more worth
For her as yet, bids her again retire
T' another fiſh, to any new deſire

Made a new prey; for he that can to none
Reſiſtance make, nor complaint, is ſure gone;
Weakneſs invites, but ſilence feaſts oppreſſion.

XXVI.

Pace with the native ſtream this fiſh doth keep,
And journies with her towards the glaſſy deep,
But oft' retarded; once with a hidden net,
Tho' with great windows, (for when need firſt taught
Theſe tricks to catch food, then they were not wrought
As now, with curious greedineſs, to let
None 'ſcape, but few and fit for uſe to get)
As in this trap a rav'nous pike was ta'en,
Who, tho' himſelf diſtreſt, would fain have ſlain
This wretch; ſo hardly are ill habits left again.

XXVII.

Here by her ſmallneſs ſhe two deaths o'erpaſt,
Once innocence 'ſcap'd, and left th' oppreſſor faſt;
The net through ſwam, ſhe keeps the liquid path,
And whither ſhe leap up ſometimes to breath
And ſuck in air, or find it underneath,
Or working parts like mills or limbecks hath,
To make the water thin, and air like faith,
Cares not, but ſafe the place ſhe 's come unto,
Where freſh with ſalt waves meet, and what to do
She knows not, but between both makes a board or [two.

XXVIII.

So far from hiding her gueſts water is,
That ſhe ſhews them in bigger quantities

Than they are. Thus her, doubtful of her way,
For game, and not for hunger, a ſea-pie
Spy'd thro' his traiterous ſpectacle from high
The ſilly fiſh, where it diſputing lay,
And, t' end her doubts and her, bears her away;
Exalted, ſhe 's but to th' exalter's good;
(As are by great ones men which lowly ſtood)
It 's rais'd to be the raiſer's inſtrument and food.

XXIX.

Is any kind ſubject to rape like fiſh?
Ill unto man they neither do nor wiſh;
Fiſhers they kill not, nor with noiſe awake;
They do not hunt, nor ſtrive to make a prey
Of beaſts, nor their young ſons to bear away;
Fowls they purſue not, nor do undertake
To ſpoyl the neſts induſtrious birds do make;
Yet them all theſe unkind kinds feed upon;
To kill them is an occupation,
And laws make faſts and lents for their deſtruction.

XXX.

A ſudden ſtiff land-wind in that ſelf hour
To ſea-ward forc'd this bird that did devour
The fiſh; he cares not, for with eaſe he flies,
Fat gluttony's beſt orator: at laſt,
So long he hath flown, and hath flown ſo faſt,
That, leagues o'erpaſt at ſea, now tir'd he lies,
And with his prey, that till then languiſht, dies:
The Souls, no longer foes, two ways did err.

The fiſh I follow, and keep no calender
Of th' other: he lives yet in ſome great officer.

XXXI.

Into an embryon fiſh our Soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To ſuch vaſtneſs, as if unmanacled
From Greece Morea were, and that, by ſome
Earthquake unrooted, looſe Morea ſwam;
Or ſeas from Africk's body' had ſevered
And torn the Hopeful Promontóry's head:
This fiſh would ſeem theſe, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ſhip overſet, or without ſail,
Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this [whale.

XXXII.

At every ſtroke his brazen fins do take
More circles in the broken ſea they make
Than cannons' voyces when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arch'd roof
Of bark, that blunts beſt ſteel, is thunder-proof:
Swim in him ſwallow'd dolphins without fear,
And feel no ſides, as if his vaſt womb were
Some inland ſea; and ever, as he went,
He ſpouted rivers up, as if he meant
To joyn our ſeas with ſeas above the firmament.

XXXIII.

He hunts not fiſh, but, as an officer,
Stays in his court, at his own net, and there

All ſuitors of all ſorts themſelves enthrall;
So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat ſucks every thing
That paſſeth near. Fiſh chaſeth fiſh, and all,
Flyer and follower, in this whirlpool fall:
O! might not ſtates of more equalitie
Conſiſt? and is it of neceſſity
That thouſand guiltleſs ſmalls to make one great muſt die?

XXXIV.

Now drinks he up ſeas, and he eats up flocks;
He joſtles iſlands, and he ſhakes firm rocks:
Now in a roomful houſe this Soul doth float,
And, like a prince, ſhe ſends her faculties
To all her limbs, diſtant as provinces.
The ſun hath twenty times both Crab and Goat
Parched, ſince firſt launch'd forth this living boat:
'Tis greateſt now, and to deſtruction
Neareſt; there's no pauſe at perfection;
Greatneſs a period hath, but hath no ſtation.

XXXV.

Two little fiſhes, whom he never harm'd,
Nor fed on their kind, two, not th'roughly arm'd
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themſelves by his death, (they did not eat
His fleſh, nor ſuck thoſe oyls which thence outſtreat)
Conſpir'd againſt him; and it might undo
The plot of all that the plotters were two,

But that they fiſhes were, and could not ſpeak.
How ſhall a tyrant wiſe ſtrong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

XXXVI.

The flail'd-finn'd threſher, and ſteel-beak'd ſword-fiſh
Only attempt to do what all do wiſh:
The threſher backs him, and to beat begins;
The ſluggard whale yields to oppreſſion,
And, t' hide himſelf from ſhame and danger, down
Begins to ſink: the ſword-fiſh upward ſpins,
And gores him with his beak; his ſtaff-like fins
So well the one, his ſword the other, plies,
That, now a ſcoff and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himſelf all companies.

XXXVII.

Who will revenge his death? or who will call
Thoſe to account that thought and wrought his fall?
The heirs of ſlain kings we ſee are often ſo
Tranſported with the joy of what they get,
That they revenge and obſequies forget;
Nor will againſt ſuch men the people go,
Becauſe he's now dead to whom they ſhould ſhow
Love in that act. Some kings, by vice, being grown
So needy' of ſubjects' love, that of their own
They think they loſe if love be to the dead prince [ſhown.

XXXVIII.

This Soul, now free from priſon and paſſion,
Hath yet a little indignation

That ſo ſmall hammers ſhould ſo ſoon down beat
So great a caſtle; and having for her houſe
Got the ſtrait cloyſter of a wretched mouſe,
(As baſeſt men, that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy ought, do far more hate the great
Than they who good repos'd eſtates poſſeſs)
This Soul, late taught that great things might by leſs
Be ſlain, to gallant miſchief doth herſelf addreſs.

XXXIX.

Nature's great maſter-piece, an elephant,
(The only harmleſs great thing) the giant
Of beaſts, who thought none had, to make him wiſe,
But to be juſt and thankful, loth t' offend,
(Yet Nature hath giv'n him no knees to bend)
Himſelf he up-props, on himſelf relies,
And, foe to none, ſuſpects no enemies,
Still ſleeping ſtood; vext not his fantaſy
Black dreams; like an unbent bow careleſly
His ſinewy proboſcis did remiſsly lie.

XL.

In which, as in a gallery, this mouſe
Walk'd, and ſurvey'd the rooms of this vaſt houſe,
And to the brain, the Soul's bed-chamber, went,
And gnaw'd the life-cords there: like a whole town
Clean undermin'd, the ſlain beaſt tumbled down:
With him the murth'rer dies, whom envy ſent
To kill, not 'ſcape, (for only he that meant
To die did ever kill a man of better room)

And thus he made his foe his prey and tomb: 399
Who cares not to turn back may any whither come.

XLI.

Next hous'd this Soul a wolf's yet unborn whelp,
Till the beſt midwife, Nature, gave it help
To iſſue: it could kill as ſoon as go.
Abel, as white and mild as his ſheep were,
(Who, in that trade, of church and kingdoms there
Was the firſt type) was ſtill infeſted ſo 406
With this wolf, that it bred his loſs and wo;
And yet his bitch, his centinel, attends
The flock ſo near, ſo well warns and defends,
That the wolf (hopeleſs elſe) to corrupt her intends.

XLII.

He took a courſe, which ſince ſucceſsfully 411
Great men have often taken, to eſpy
The counſels, or to break the plots, of foes;
To Abel's tent he ſtealeth in the dark, 414
On whoſe ſkirts the bitch ſlept: ere ſhe could bark,
Attach'd her with ſtrait gripes, yet he call'd thoſe
Embracements of love; to love's work he goes,
Where deeds move more than words; nor doth ſhe
Nor much reſiſt, nor needs he ſtreighten ſo [ſhow,
His prey, for were ſhe looſe ſhe would not bark nor go.

XLIII.

He hath engag'd her; his ſhe wholly bides; 421
Who not her own, none others' ſecrets hides.

If to the flock he come, and Abel there,
She feigns hoarſe barkings, but ſhe biteth not;
Her faith is quite, but not her love, forgot.
At laſt a trap, of which ſome every where
Abel had plac'd, ends all his loſs and fear
By the wolf's death; and now juſt time it was
That a quick Soul ſhould give life to that maſs
Of blood in Abel's bitch, and thither this did paſs.

XLIV.

Some have their wives, their ſiſters ſome begot,
But in the lives of emp'rors you ſhall not
Read of a luſt the which may equal this:
This wolf begot himſelf, and finiſhed
What he began alive when he was dead.
Son to himſelf, and father too, he is
A riding luſt, for which ſchoolmen would miſs
A proper name. The whelp of both theſe lay
In Abel's tent, and with ſoft Moaba,
His ſiſter, being young, it us'd to ſport and play.

XLV.

He ſoon for her too harſh and churliſh grew,
And Abel (the dam dead) would uſe this new
For the field; being of two kinds thus made,
He, as his dam, from ſheep drove wolves away,
And, as his ſire, he made them his own prey.
Five years he liv'd, and couzened with his trade,
Then, hopeleſs that his faults were hid, betray'd
Himſelf by flight, and by all followed,

From dogs a wolf, from wolves a dog, he fled,
And, like a ſpie, to both ſides falſe, he periſhed.

XLVI.

It quick'ned next a toyful ape, and ſo
Gameſome it was, that it might freely go
From tent to tent, and with the children play:
His organs now ſo like theirs he doth find,
That why he cannot laugh and ſpeak his mind
He wonders. Much with all, moſt he doth ſtay
With Adam's fifth daughter, Siphatecia;
Doth gaze on her, and where ſhe paſſeth paſs,
Gathers her fruits, and tumbles on the graſs;
And, wiſeſt of that kind, the firſt true lover was.

XLVII.

He was the firſt that more deſir'd to have
One than another; firſt that e'er did crave
Love by mute ſigns, and had no power to ſpeak;
Firſt that could make love-faces, or could do
The vaulter's ſomberſalts, or us'd to woo
With hoiting gambols, his own bones to break,
To make his miſtreſs merry, or to wreak
Her anger on himſelf. Sins againſt kind
They eas'ly do that can let feed their mind
With outward beauty; beauty they in boys and beaſts do find.

XLVIII.

By this miſled, too low things men have prov'd,
And too high; beaſts and angels have been lov'd:

This ape, tho' elſe th'rough vain, in this was wiſe;
He reach'd at things too high, but open way
There was, and he knew not ſhe would ſay Nay.
His toys prevail not; likelier means he tries;
He gazeth on her face with tear-ſhot eyes,
And uplifts ſubtilely, with his ruſſet paw,
Her kid-ſkin apron without fear or awe
Of Nature: Nature hath no gaol, tho' ſhe hath law.

XLIX.

Firſt ſhe was ſilly, and knew not what he meant:
That virtue, by his touches chaft and ſpent,
Succeeds an itchie warmth, that melts her quite;
She knew not firſt, nor cares not what he doth;
And willing half and more, more than half wrath,
She neither pulls nor puſhes, but out-right
Now cries, and now repents; when Thelemite,
Her brother, enter'd, and a great ſtone threw
After the ape, who thus prevented flew.
This houſe, thus batter'd down, the Soul poſſeſt a new.

L.

And whether by this change ſhe loſe or win,
She comes out next where th' ape would have gone in.
Adam and Eve had mingled bloods, and now,
Like chymique's equal fires, her temperate womb
Had ſtew'd and form'd it; and part did become
A ſpungie liver, that did richly allow,
Like a free conduit on a high hill's brow,

Life-keeping moiſture unto every part;
Part harden'd itſelf to a thicker heart,
Whoſe buſie furnaces life's ſpirits do impart.

LI.

Another part became the well of ſenſe,
The tender well-arm'd feeling brain, from whence
Thoſe ſinew ſtrings which do our bodies tie
Are ravell'd out; and faſt there by one end
Did this Soul limbs, theſe limbs a Soul attend;
And now they joyn'd, keeping ſome quality
Of every paſt ſhape; ſhe knew treachery,
Rapine, deceit, and luſt, and ills enough
To be a woman: Themech ſhe is now,
Siſter and wife to Cain, Cain that firſt did plough.

LII.

Whoe'er thou beeſt that read'ſt this ſullen writ,
Which juſt ſo much courts thee as thou doſt it,
Let me arreſt thy thoughts; wonder with me
Why ploughing, building, ruling, and the reſt,
Or moſt of thoſe arts whence our lives are bleſt,
By curſed Cain's race invented be,
And bleſt Seth vext us with aſtronomy.
There's nothing ſimply good nor ill alone;
Of every quality Compariſon
The only meaſure is, and judge Opinion.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS,

G. HERBERT.

Quod crux nequibat fixa, clavique additi,
(Tenere Christum scilicet, ne ascenderet)
Tuîve Christum devocans facundia,
Ultra loquendi tempus; addit Anchora:
Nec hoc abundè est tibi, nisi certæ Anchoræ
Addas Sigillum; nempe symbolum suæ
Tibi debet unda et terra certitudinis.

Quondam fessus Amor loquens amato,
Tot et tanta loquens amica, scripsit:
Tandem & fessa manus dedit Sigillum.

Suavis erat, qui scripta dolens lacerando recludi,
Sanctius in regno magni credebat Amoris
(In quo fas nihil est rumpi) donare Sigillum!

Munde, fluas fugiasque licet, nos nostraque fixi;
Deridet motus sancta catena tuos.

ALTHO' the croſs could not Chriſt here detain,
Tho' nail'd unto 't, but he aſcends again,
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him ſtill,
But only while thou ſpeak'ſt, this Anchor will:
Nor canſt thou be content, unleſs thou to
This certain Anchor add a Seal; and ſo
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the ſymbol of their certainty.

When Love, being weary, made an end
Of kind expreſſions to his friend,
He writ; when his hand could write no more
He gave the Seal, and ſo left o'er.

How ſweet a friend was he who, being griev'd
His letters were broke rudely up, believ'd
'Twas more ſecure in great Love's common-weal
(Where nothing ſhould be broke) to add a Seal!

Let the world reel, we and all ours ſtand ſure;
This holy cable is of all ſtorms ſecure.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

Sent him with one of my Seals of the Anchor and Chriſt.

Qui priùs aſſuetus Serpentum faſce tabellas
Signare (hæc noſtræ ſymbola parva Domûs)
Adſcitus domui Domini, patrioque relicto
Stemmate, nanciſcor ſtemmata jure nova.
Hinc mihi Crux, primo quæ fronti impreſſa lavacro,
Finibus extenſis, Anchora facta patet.
Anchoræ in effigiem Crux tandem deſinit ipſam,
Anchora ſit tandem Crux tolerata diu.
Hoc tamen ut fiat, Chriſto vegetatur ab ipſo
Crux, et ab affixo eſt Anchora facta Jeſu.
Nec natalitiis penitus Serpentibus orbor;
Non ita dat Deus, ut auferat ante data.
Quà ſapiens, dos eſt; quà terram lambit et ambit,
Peſtis; at in noſtrâ fit medicina Cruce
Serpens; fixa Cruci ſi ſit Natura; Crucique
A fixo nobis gratia tota fluat.
Omnia cum Crux ſint, Crux Anchora fixa, Sigillum
Non tam dicendum hoc, quàm catechiſmus erit.
Mitto, nec exigua, exiguâ ſub imagine, dona,
Pignora amicitiæ, et munera, vota, preces.
Plura tibi accumulet ſanctus cognominis ille,
Regia qui flavo dona Sigillat equo.

A ſheaf of Snakes uſed heretofore to be my Seal, the creſt of our poor family.

Adopted in God's family, and ſo
Our old coat loſt, unto new arms I go.
The Croſs (my ſeal at baptiſm) ſpread below,
Does by that form into an Anchor grow.
Croſſes grow Anchors: bear, as thou ſhouldſt do,
Thy Croſs, and that Croſs grows an Anchor too.
But he that makes our Croſſes Anchors thus
Is Chriſt, who there is crucify'd for us.
Yet may I, with this, my firſt Serpents hold;
God gives new bleſſings, and yet leaves the old.
The Serpent may, as wiſe, my pattern be;
My poyſon, as he feeds on duſt, that is me:
And as he rounds the earth to murther ſure,
My death he is, but on the Croſs my cure.
Crucifie Nature then, and then implore
All grace from him crucify'd there before.
When all is Croſs, and that Croſs Anchor grown,
This Seal in a catechiſm, not a Seal alone.
Under that little Seal great gifts I ſend,
Works, and prayers, pawns, and fruits of a friend.
And may that ſaint which rides in our great Seal
To you who bear his name great bounties deal.

TRANSLATED OUT OF GAZÆUS.

Vota Amico facta. Fol. 160.

God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine,
Thou who doſt, beſt friend, in beſt things outſhine:
May thy ſoul, ever chearful, ne'er know cares;
Nor thy life, ever lively, know gray hairs;
Nor thy hand, ever open, know baſe holds;
Nor thy purſe, ever plump, know plaits or folds;
Nor thy tongue, ever true, know a falſe thing;
Nor thy words, ever mild, know quarrelling;
Nor thy works, ever equal, know diſguiſe;
Nor thy fame, ever pure, know contumelies;
Nor thy prayers know low objects, ſtill divine:
God grant thee thine own wiſh, and grant thee mine.

He that cannot chuſe but love,
And ſtrives againſt it ſtill,
Never ſhall my fancy move,
For he loves againſt his will:

Nor he which is all his own,
And cannot pleaſure chuſe;
When I am caught he can be gone,
And when he liſt refuſe:

Nor he that loves none but fair,
For ſuch by all are ſought;
Nor he that can for foul ones care,
For his judgment then is naught:

Nor he that hath wit, for he
Will make me' his jeſt or ſlave;
Nor a fool, for when others—
He can neither—

Nor he that ſtill his miſtreſs prays,
For ſhe is thrall'd therefore;
Nor he that pays not, for he ſays
Within ſhe 's worth no more.

Is there then no kind of men
Whom I may freely prove?
I will vent that humour then
In this mine own ſelf-love.

The heavens rejoyce in motion; why should I
Abjure my so much-lov'd variety,
And not with many youth, and lov'd, divide?
Pleasure is none if not diversify'd.
The sun that, sitting in the chair of light,
Sheds flame into what else soever doth seem bright,
Is not contented at one sign to inn,
But ends his year, and with a new begins.
All things do willingly in change delight,
The fruitful mother of our appetite;
Rivers the clearer and more pleasing are,
Where their fair spreading streams run wide and clear;
And a dead lake, that no strange bark doth greet,
Corrupts itself, and what doth live in it.
Let no man tell me such a one is fair,
And worthy, all alone, my love to share:
Nature in her hath done the liberal part
Of a kind mistress, and employ'd her art
To make her loveable; and I aver
Him not humane that would turn back from her.
I love her well, and would, if need were, dye
To do her service: but follows it that I
Must serve her only when I may have choice?
The law is hard, and shall not have my voice.
The last I saw in all extreams is fair,
And holds me in the sun-beams of her hair;
Her nymph-like features such agreements have,
That I could venture with her to the grave:

Another's brown, I like her not the worſe;
Her tongue is ſoft, and takes me with diſcourſe:
Others, for that they well deſcended were,
Do in my love obtain as large a ſhare;
And tho' they be not fair, 't is much with me
To win their love only for their degree;
And tho' I fail of my required ends,
Th' attempt is glorious, and itſelf commends.
How happy were our ſires in ancient time,
Who held plurality of loves no crime?
With them it was accounted charity
To ſtir up race of all indifferently:
Kindreds were not exempted from the bands,
Which with the Perſians ſtill in uſage ſtands.
Women were then no ſooner aſk'd than won,
And what they did was honeſt, and well done:
But ſince this little honour hath been us'd,
Our weak credulity hath been abus'd;
The golden laws of Nature are repeal'd,
Which our firſt fathers in ſuch reverence held;
Our liberty 's revers'd, and charter 's gone,
And we made ſervants to Opinion,
A monſter, in no certain ſhape attir'd,
And whoſe original is much deſir'd;
Formleſs at firſt, but growing on its faſhions,
And doth preſcribe manners and laws to nations.
Here Love receiv'd immedicable harms,
And was deſpoiled of his daring arms;

A greater want than is his daring eyes,
He loſt thoſe awful wings with which he flies;
His ſinewy bow, and thoſe immortal darts
Wherewith he's wont to bruiſe reſiſting hearts:
Only ſome few, ſtrong in themſelves, and free,
Retain the ſeeds of ancient liberty;
Following that part of love, altho' depreſt,
And make a throne for him within their breaſt;
In ſpight of modern cenſures him avowing
Their ſovereign, all ſervice him allowing:
Amongſt which troop, altho' I am the leaſt,
Yet equal in perfection with the beſt;
I glory in ſubjection of his hand,
Nor ever did decline his leaſt command;
For in whatever form the meſſage came,
My heart did open and receive the ſame.
But time will in its courſe a point deſcry,
When I this loved ſervice muſt deny;
For our allegiance temporary is;
With firmer age return our liberties.
What time in years and judgment we repos'd,
Shall not ſo eas'ly be to change diſpos'd,
Nor to the art of ſeveral eyes obeying,
But beauty with true worth ſecurely weighing,
Which being found aſſembled in ſome one,
We 'll love her ever, and love her alone.

EPIGRAMS.

HERO AND LEANDER.

Both robb'd of air, we both lie in one ground;
Both whom one fire had burnt one water drown'd.

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

Two by themſelves each other love and fear;
Slain, cruel friends by parting have join'd here.

NIOBE.

By children's births and death I am become
So dry, that I am now mine own ſad tomb.

A BURNT SHIP.

Out of a fired ſhip, which by no way
But drowning could be reſcued from the flame,
Some men leap'd forth, and ever as they came
Near the foes' ſhips, did by their ſhot decay:
So all were loſt which in the ſhip were found,
They in the ſea being burnt, they in the burnt ſhip drown'd.

FALL OF A WALL.

UNDER an under-min'd and ſhot-bruis'd wall
A too bold captain periſh'd by the fall,
Whoſe brave misfortune happieſt men envy'd,
That had a tower for tomb his bones to hide. 4

A LAME BEGGER.

I AM unable, yonder Begger cries,
To ſtand or move; if he ſays true he lies. 2

A SELF-ACCUSER.

YOUR miſtreſs that you follow whores ſtill taxeth you;
'Tis ſtrange that ſhe ſhould thus confeſs it tho' it be
true. 2

A LICENTIOUS PERSON.

THY ſins and hairs may no man equal call;
For as thy ſins increaſe thy hairs do fall. 2

ANTIQUARY.

IF in his ſtudy he hath ſo much care
To hang all old ſtrange things, let his wife beware. 2

DISINHERITED.

THY father all from thee, by his laſt will,
Gave to the poor; thou haſt good title ſtill. 2

PHRYNE.

THY flattering picture, Phryne! is like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be. 2

AN OBSCURE WRITER.

PHILO with twelve years' ſtudy hath been griev'd
To b' underſtood: when will he be believ'd? 2

KLOCKIUS ſo deeply 'ath ſworn ne'er more to come
In bawdyhouſe, that he dares not go home. 2

RADERUS.

WHY this man gelded Martial I amuſe,
Except himſelf alone his tricks would uſe,
As Kath'rine for the court's ſake put down ſtews. 3

MERCURIUS GALLO-BELGICUS.

LIKE Æſop's fellow-ſlaves, O Mercury!
Which could do all things, thy faith is; and I
Like Æſop's ſelf, which nothing. I confeſs
I ſhould have had more faith if thou hadſt leſs:
Thy credit loſt thy credit; it is ſin to do,
In this caſe, as thou wouldſt be done unto,
To believe all. Change thy name; thou art like
Mercury in ſtealing, but lyeſt like a Greek.
Compaſſion in the world again is bred:
Ralphius is ſick, the broker keeps his bed.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

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